"THE SUNKEN CANNON," A GREAT SERIAL FOR BOY'S, BEGINS NEXT WEEK

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THE MARK OF CAIN;

Or, The Black Pride of the Countess of Barnchester.

BY CONSTANCE BEATRICE WILLARD.

"It was the coldest day of winter when Sister Agnes found her."

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CHAPTER IV.

"Love is not in our choice, but is our fate."

Some twenty-five years prior to that evening when one woman watched another part from King Wadsworth, New York society was electrified by an incident which plunged one household into a home of mourning, and was destined to overshadow more lives than one. Gertrude Phillips, the cherished daughter of one of the city's millionaires, fled under cover of night with her groom, a dashing young fellow, handsome in a coarse, animal way, but no fit mate for one who might have married among the nobility of any land.

The girl was scarcely more than a child in years, and utterly untrained in the ways of the world. To her unsophisticated eyes the young man was a hero, laboring under the ban of society, and she burned to demonstrate her devotion to him. The dictates of her set, which sternly forbade her being alone in the company of a gentleman of her own rank in life, threw her daily into the society of her groom, who attended her on long rides during which his glib tongue and bold eyes wrought havoc with a vivid imagination, and when he proposed an elopement, she gladly consented, feeling like some wondrous heroine of old.

Unlike the fathers in romances, however, Mr. Phillips utterly refused to receive the young couple. He sent the bride word that her father's house was always open to his daughter, but as long as she continued her husband's wife, she was a stranger to him.

The ex-groom stormed and raged when he heard the angry father's message, but the young wife said nothing. Soon, oh, so soon, she was learning the sad lesson of reaping from an unwise sowing.

Quietly she listened to the words of reproach uttered by her husband, displaying a wonderful amount of self-control for a girl of seventeen, and after he was through, she said, in a tone which even the angry man knew was final:

"All we can do is to try and make the best of a bad state of affairs."

What the delicately nurtured child of wealth suffered in trying to make the best of her unhappy marriage no one ever knew in detail, but before she had entered the second year she was accidentally discovered by her mother in a charitable institution, lying half dead with a tiny girl by her side. The story the matron told the horrified mother was one to wring a heart of stone:

"Yes, ma'am; and it was the coldest day of all the winter when Sister Agnes was making the rounds of Poverty Row, and there in such a room as to make your heart sick, she found her, lying on the bare, cold floor, without a fire or a single bit of furniture in the place. There, if you'll believe it, ma'am, the young thing lay in her own blood with this little mite beside her. Oh, ma'am, it's hard enough when we get the mother pains in good warm houses on soft beds, with nurse and doctor at hand, but think of that bit of a thing meeting her trial alone, half frozen, more than half starved, without a soul to help or encourage her. Oh, ma'am, it was enough to bring the tears to the eyes of any one, I just tell you it were," and the good-hearted woman paused, the tears raining down her plump cheeks.

Without any question, the young mother of barely eighteen was removed to her father's house, and everything done that science and wealth could devise, and finally Gertrude struggled back to life, and quietly accepted her father's mandate that she never again look upon the man who in the face of her great peril, at a time when the majority of men show consideration to their wives, if at no other, deserted her, and left the woman who had given up so much for him, to bring his child into the world.

It was not difficult for the indignant father to secure a divorce for his daughter, after which the family went abroad, and in less than a year Gertrude, more beautiful than ever, married an English peer, whose heart was captured by the lovely American widow, aside from her father's gold. The beautiful Countess, however, was not destined to enjoy real happiness for any length of time, for the Earl died not long after she bore him an heir to his estates. Then it was that her heart became bound up in her tiny son, Lord Geoffrey Francis Albert Fitzhellon, Earl of Barnchester, Baron of Highcliffe, Count of Steinway. From the death of her husband, whom she had loved with an undivided devotion, Gertrude, Countess of Barnchester, found her only comfort in the training of her boy, endeavoring to bring him up to be an honor to his ancient titles and to worthily fill the position of a true English gentleman.

Her parents had returned to New York after her second marriage, leaving behind them little Gertrude, the child of the groom, for whom the mother had conceived almost a hatred, as they discovered when they paid her a visit several years after the death of the Earl. In vain did the parents protest; the Countess traced in the tiny features the father's face, so different from her own dark, imperious beauty, or that of her son, who was her living image.

"She is just as much your child as is the Earl," her father would say, speaking of his grandson with his accustomed reverence, for notwithstanding his American ideas, an Earl was an Earl, and a person to be honored; but he could not make the impression he desired.

One morning when the Countess, her parents, and the two children were sitting in the picture gallery, he repeated what he had told her so often, and matters came to a crisis. The beautiful mother looked down languidly at the dark head of the little heir to so many titles and then to the sunny one of the child half-sister, as the two played upon the floor before them, and then replied:

"No, father, one is the child of one of

"You wish to do all your own courting?"

England's proud sons, a man of truest nobility of character, and ranked among the great ones of earth; the other springs from the very gutter, and must inherit the father's vices."

"Stop, stop, daughter! You carried both next your heart for nine months," cried her mother, reproachfully.

"Yes; that I did; but one was born in misery, desolation and heartsick suffering, alone and forsaken; the other came as a blessing from Heaven. Her father deserted me because she was expected; his gave me all the devotion of his exalted nature, and would have cheerfully laid down his life to have saved me one pang."

"Both men were of your own choosing," the father reminded her, quietly.

"Indeed, no; a foolish child, knowing nothing of the world, of men, of the duties of a wife, or the debt we of the higher walks of life owe society, caught by a few glib words and a rough caress or two, cast all ignorantly her lot with a low, illiterate man. She has no kinship with the woman, whose whole soul went forth toward a man of refinement, culture and nobility of character. Oh, father, mother, why is it that I cannot make you understand!" she cried, stretching out her hands. "Gertrude is the living witness to my folly, and a reminder of those awful days. She is the child of animalism and repulsion. Geoffrey is a reincarnation of holy love," her voice sunk as she took the tiny, creeping child into her arms, and pressed her lips to the little face.

"I cannot do the other justice, I cannot. The father's face looks up at me whenever the child comes near me," and great tears stood in the lovely eyes of the Countess.

Little Gertrude, looking up, saw these tears, and scrambling to her feet, ran forward, saying in her baby treble:

"Something hurt my mamma. I hit something," and as she clenched her tiny fist, a look of fierce anger shone in her blue eyes and changed the whole expression of the face. The mother, clasping her son still closer, drew back, saying, hastily:

"See, the same expression. I have seen it a thousand times on his face. Take her away, take her away, before I hate her more than I do now."

The tender heart of the grandmother was stricken as she saw the effect these words and the gesture of horror which accompanied them, had upon the child, barely four years old. The light died out of the eyes, an ashen hue spread over the little face, and no caresses of the grandmother or the gentle words of the conscience-stricken mother served to bring back again the natural expression, and after she had submitted passively to their endearments for a few moments she staggered, then cried, in a tone of voice her mother never forgot:

"Mamma hates me! I want to die! I want to die!"

After that, there was no more question about the advisability of Mr. and Mrs. Phillips taking the child back to New York with them, hoping that she would forget, amid new scenes, the distressing incident. However, to the day of her death, the younger Gertrude was destined to see before her the magnificent hall, with its dark wainscoting and rare pictures; the kind-hearted grandparents, and in their midst, seated in a high-backed, heavily carved chair, the beautiful mother, holding in her arms a black-haired child, like some Madonna, although on this lovely face there was no expression of divine peacefulness and resignation, but one of frightful repulsion, as she drew back from the little golden-haired child and uttered those words which could never be forgotten:

"Take her away, take her away, before I hate her more than I do now."

CHAPTER V.

"Love is a choking gall."

Among the many childhood friends of Gertrude Phillips, the one dearest to her was Faith Eggleston, several years her senior, and as quiet and gentle as the other was willful and excitable. Had it not been that a year or two prior to Gertrude's elopement, Faith had married Henry Wadsworth, there would have been no such catastrophe, but at the time the handsome groom was paying ardent court to his employer's daughter Mrs. Wadsworth was entirely absorbed in her own affairs, and so knew nothing of the tragedy until the news came to her through the newspapers. As she looked at the sturdy little son Heaven had sent her, playing about her feet, she felt happy, indeed, that he had not been a girl, for she realized the responsibility connected with her own sex.

During the year Gertrude had been missing from her father's house, Mrs. Wadsworth had sought her diligently, and after her return was the first, and almost only one to see the stricken young wife. At first when the European trip again separated these two friends, they proposed to maintain a vigorous correspondence, and did so for several years until sorrow came into the life of the gentle Faith. Her husband met with an accident, all unknowingly having been upon the same train which killed Robert Arden, and until his death some three or four years later, Mrs. Wadsworth heard little or nothing from her friend. When she was a widow, the bereaved lady tried to drown her sorrow by traveling, but finally for the sake of her son, returned home, and endeavored to gather up the threads of her life. Calling upon Mrs. Phillips one day, she was surprised to find a little girl playing about the room, and astonished and hurt to hear the pitiful story which the grandmother told, after sending Gertrude from the room.

"I cannot understand it," she cried, her gentle eyes filled with tears, "her own child."

"Ah, no, my dear Faith, that is just it—not her child, but his."

"Such reasoning is against every instinct of a mother's heart. All the more reason that the child should have love and a large measure of it. Do you think she comprehends? There is such a sad look on the child's face."

"I fear she does remember, although she says nothing; but I will call her back."

The instant Gertrude entered the room, Mrs. Wadsworth, who understood children much better than the majority of people, saw that the child not only remembered, but that she comprehended the reason for her dismissal. With her heart swelling with pity and love, Mrs. Wadsworth held out her hands and said in a voice which never failed to charm children:

"My darling little girl, come here and let me kiss you. I want to hold a real little girl in my arms. My boy begins to feel too old to be petted, and so I get lonely."

The anger died from the little face, as the child allowed herself to be drawn into the kindly arms, but there was no answering tenderness in her manner as her new friend kissed her mouth, and fondled her as no one had done before.

"I think, Grandma," Mrs. Wadsworth said, merrily, "that you will have to lend your little girl to me very often, for I want her to come and play with my boy and me."

The blue eyes were raised and Gertrude asked, in singularly unchildish tones:

"Has your boy black hair and eyes?"

"No, dear; they are as light as your own."

"Then I will come," she replied, walking off with her head aloft to her nursery, where she cried until her tiny frame ached.

"The child has the bearing of a little queen," Mrs. Wadsworth cried, watching her as she left the room, and from that moment loved the little thing almost as dearly as though her own. Soon the child came to be called Queenie, for Mrs. Wadsworth soon discovered she hated her own name. As she had always borne her grandfather's name and was known as Phillips as she grew to young womanhood, few remembered that she had ever been called anything but Queenie Phillips.

As the years went on, more and more of her time was spent with Mrs. Wadsworth, and when Mr. Phillips died, the former proposed to adopt Queenie, so that the grandmother, who had never really loved her, could go to the Countess of Barnchester.

Mr. Phillips had divided his immense fortune into three portions, leaving one to his wife, another to his daughter, and the remainder to Queenie, appointing Mrs. Wadsworth her guardian.

At first the grandmother refused, but after a little correspondence with the Countess she said to Mrs. Wadsworth:

"Faith, I believe you are the good angel of our family. We are all heathens, I know, but none of us can help it. I want to go to Gertrude, but could not if you did not take Queenie off my hands, for her dislike to the child grows greater with every year."

"I cannot understand it," Mrs. Wadsworth could only repeat, but she rejoiced in gaining a daughter, and made her as happy as lay in the power of any one.

Within the breast of this reserved child surged many conflicting sentiments, but among them all one stood out distinct from all the rest, her blind adoration for King Wadsworth.

Never could she forget the bright, happy expression on his face, as tossing his curls from his brow, he had sprung to meet them when his mother led her, a little shrinking child, into his playroom, or his hearty, boyish kiss of welcome. Then and there her lonely heart went out to him never to be recalled as long as life was left within it. Never was she to forget her love or was it to falter in its strength, which increased with each year.

The sweet-faced mother, seeing the two together, began her innocent matchmaking, although she never breathed a word of the matter to her son, who grew to manhood, regarding Queenie as his dearly loved sister, sometimes a little trying, but always to be dealt with tenderly on account of her sad history which his mother had told him when old enough to understand its pathetic cruelty.

Every advantage had been given this child, the offspring, as her own mother had said, of animalism and repulsion, and as she was very adaptable, she grew into a charming young girl, creating quite a furore when introduced to society.

Not only was she beautiful, she was something more, so perfectly trained and cultured was she that it would have been an impossibility for her to have been guilty of a rudeness. More than one pointed her out as a very perfect type of refined, elegant, highly educated young womanhood. Still there were those who failed to be charmed; who declared that the blue eyes were not always clear and true; that had she not been an exceedingly small woman, both hands and feet would have appeared large, and that she wore gloves as much as possible because no matter how much care was put on her hands, they were always coarse of texture and badly shaped. These detracters also whispered that it was because she did not wish to call attention to her hands that she never wore any rings, and that it was more to hide her unaristocratic feet than to increase her height, that her gowns were so long. However, all girls have enemies, and in spite of idle talk, Queenie Phillips was an acknowledged belle and could have married many times over. Few looking at the slender, fairy-like girl, who carried herself like a princess, with her crown of exquisite, dull gold hair, beneath which appeared a face absolutely faultless as to feature, with its clear, colorless complexion, relieved by lips which burned like live coals in front of tiny white teeth; who heard the well-bred, carefully-modulated voice, imagined that she owed her being to a man of lowest instincts and a mother who hated her. However, although others did not know or remember, she never forgot or forgave, and beneath that calm, dignified exterior raged passions so intense as to sear and lay waste the fretting spirit.

Nothing could soften her, nothing could save her but her mad, wild love for her adopted brother, although she was utterly blind not to have seen that the affection he bore her was only that of a good-natured brother, or to have thought that such a feeling ever develops into love such as she craved.

Her experience of the world should have taught her that lovers do not wait until some convenient time to confess their love, or carelessly drop a kiss upon the cheek of a woman they are wild to make their bride. It had not, for she was living in a dream castle of her own creation. When King finished his course at Yale, the three had made a trip to the Orient, and it was soon after their return King had gone off on a fishing expedition to Ardenvale, a six-hours' ride from the metropolis. The week or two he had proposed remaining, had grown into a month, and still he showed no intention of returning home, and then it was that Queenie began to grow anxious. At last, taking advantage of an invitation from a friend to spend several days with her, she bought a ticket for the little village, nestled in among the hills, and arrived there the afternoon King and Clover were passing together so happily, learning how exquisite is mutual love. A few inquiries discovered the fact that it was likely the stranger who had been in Ardenvale the month past would be found at Doctor Arden's; she hired the star carriage and drove herself along the old road, only to witness the parting between the lovers, and to hear the man she had loved from infancy declare his intention to make another his wife.

Until then Queenie Phillips had been but a woman of wild impulses, held under strong control by years of training. The balance had been evenly adjusted between good and evil, but as she took her seat in the home-bound train that same evening, the die had been cast, and the angels in Heaven wept over another lost soul.

CHAPTER VI.

"Oh, the heart that has truly loved never forgets."

The waves seemed like a glorified path to Heaven itself, as the ocean greyhound bounded along its steady course, every pulse of its mighty engines throbbing in unison with that of one of its passengers, who spent much of his time leaning over the bow looking impatiently ahead.

He was a man good to look at, this strangely silent, eager passenger, although not handsome. His hair which divided in a clean, clear part, was an ordinary brown, neither very dark nor particularly light, as were his eyes, good, honest, helpful eyes; the cheeks, tanned by long exposure to the sun, were healthy in hue and firm of flesh. The features were strong, a little heavy, but the straight line of the mouth when closed and the set of the jaw indicated strength of character and determination which was better than mere beauty of outline. The man was but little above middle height, but his shoulders were square, his chest broad, while his bearing was that of an officer, although he was simply a whole-souled, clean-lived young American, returning after two years spent in the Orient with a fortune greater than he had dared to think of in his most sanguine dreams.

Looking at Thomas Litchfield, however, even the casual observer would scarcely feel surprise at the success which had come to him, for he was a man who commanded respect and confidence and inspired it in those with whom he was brought in contact.

His quiet, reserved manner attracted the various passengers who felt piqued by his indifference at a time when the usual traveler eagerly seizes upon every opportunity to discover diversion and pass away the time which will hang heavily. At last, after the boat had left Yokahama, several of them resolved to break through his reserve, and one of the ring-leaders in all the merriment was chosen to make the attack.

"Now, Percy, hit straight from the shoulder," Clinton Dillingsworth, a wealthy New Yorker, laughingly admonished.

"If you let him escape, your name will be mud, Stanley," came from a progressive Chicagoan.

"Mr. Stanley, remember the eyes of all the gentler sex are upon you," came laughingly from the rosy lips of Lillian Tremont, daughter of the great Milwaukee magnate, who was to marry Rufus Fast, the celebrated trust manipulator, a man old enough to be her grandfather. Sybel Ainsworth, a sedate English girl, said nothing, as she stood modestly beside her mother, but she looked interested.

"Oh, I say, now," Percy Stanley cried, half laughing, "you'll want me to knock the fellow down before the bell rings. I'm willing to put on the gloves with him, but don't make me the favorite for his face looks ugly."

"Funking, by Jove!" cried Viscount Soughleighton, a rather stolid young Englishman, who with, his bear-leader, was making the Grand Tour.

"Say that again, will you?" Stanley cried, turning about, his face flushing. "I'm willing to go and invite him to join the bunch, but I don't intend to push myself upon him. If he don't like our looks, he has the right to cut our company," and the young man glared indignantly at the representative of the English nobility, and more might have followed, had not a soft, sweet voice been heard saying:

"Of course, no one desirse to intrude upon the gentleman. However, as I know who he is, perhaps if I went with Mr. Stanley, he would not regard us unkindly. Son, turning to a tall, handsome young fellow by her side, "go ask the captain if we may go to the bow," and as she spoke, a quiet-appearing lady of great beauty and an unmistakable air of breeding, smiled pleasantly upon the assembled passengers.

"If you only will, Countess," several said with a relieved air, and the lady's son returning with the desired permission, she and Mr. Stanley made their way to young Litchfield's side, and he was astonished to hear the sweet, low voice say:

"Pardon me, this is Mr. Litchfield, is it not?" and turning, found himself face to face with one of the few ladies he had met abroad.

"Lady Barnchester," he cried, in astonishment.

"Delighted to meet you again," was the quiet reply, as an exquisite hand was extended, and then turning to her companion, she continued:

"Mr. Litchfield, I want to introduce one of our fellow pasengers, Mr. Percy Stanley, of New York, Mr. Thomas Litchfield of Hongkong."

The two gentlemen shook hands, and then Litchfield said, quietly:

"Of the United States of America, Countess, I am thankful to say."

The lady smiled pleasantly.

"Returning so soon, how delightful for you! However, I am forgetting my mission. Mr. Stanley and I have intruded upon your privacy to appeal to your good nature. We want you to join in our merriment. I remember that when I met you in Hongkong a year ago, at the American Embassy, you entertained us delightfully with your voice. We sadly need a good baritone in our concerts. May we enlist your services?" and she held out once more a hand which the first gentleman in Europe had declared was faultless.

Surely, Litchfield would have been less than human had he not been attracted and charmed, and he smiled back in the frankest manner as he said, delightedly:

"Why, certainly, Lady Barnchester, I will be only too glad if you will let me join you. The days have each been forty-eight hours long. Shall I come now?" and he turned away from the railing and the bottomless water into which he had been gazing so steadily.

"To be sure. We will bear our prize back with us, Mr. Stanley, and proud I feel to have accomplished my purpose," and laughing and talking the three rejoined the group on the promenade deck. The young men in their white flannels and the ladies in their dainty yachting costumes were very attractive, and their reception of the stranger was warm enough to have turned the head of some, especially after they saw the regard in which he was held by the Countess and her son, the Earl of Barnchester.

"Say, who is his nibs?" whispered Lillian Tremont to Stanley, as she gazed admiringly at the self-possessed young man, who appeared to take everything so as a matter of course.

"Why, I believe he is the fellow who saved the life of the governor of Hongkong and his party one day when they were attacked by some yellow devils, and the Countess and her son were of the crowd. He has just pulled off a fortune through some pretty sharp operations, and so he is a good thing."

Miss Lillian sighed.

"Too bad I am already portioned out."

"Think he would be a fair game?" Stanley asked, coolly.

"I wouldn't mind trying. Perhaps I may practice upon him a little as it is," she continued, but to her surprise, she found the young American with the firm mouth and jaw, while always willing to sing or add to the general enjoyment, was not easy to manage for a private flirtation. No man on the boat was a more pleasant, genial companion in the crowd, but the only one of the ladies with whom he appeared to care to be alone was the Countess of Barnchester, undoubtedly the most beautiful woman of them all, although her tall son had passed his majority some months before.

One evening when the young man and the dignified Countess were pacing back and forth, she said, reflectively:

"You appear to be but little impressed by the young ladies on board."

"Countess, am I discourteous?"

"My dear boy, that is almost impossible, but you certainly ought to admire some of them."

"Admire? Yes, of course; but at a distance," and she could see him smile in amusement.

"You wish to do all your own courting?" she asked, with a merry laugh, for she had observed the endeavors of some of the girls to entrap him in a flirtation.

They paused by the railing, and Litchfield found seats for both, then leaning his arms upon the railing, once more gazed down into the swirling waters.

"I have only been away from home two years, but Lady Barnchester, the girls seem to have changed mightily."

"Possibly these are a different species."

"Undoubtedly, but I feel ashamed of my countrywomen, I really am, especially when I contrast them to those of your land."

The lady smiled faintly. "I am an American, Mr. Litchfield."

"Really? You astonish me."

Again the Countess laughed, then asked:

"Why?"

"Well, because of your repose, dignity and

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culture. It is not lacking in all our women, thank the Lord, but those moving in the higher social circles appear to need considerable polish before they attain the poise of an Englishwoman. We have thousands of elegant ladies among us, but I feel inclined to think that the majority of them are found in country villages and small towns, and not in the large social centers. No; my ideas upon this subject are not wholly acquired from contact with those on board the China. I met a number of my countrywomen abroad, and I have often been ashamed of them."

Again he looked down into the waters, and a faint, sweet smile relaxed his lips. After watching him for a few moments, the Countess laid her hand upon his arm, and asked, gently:

"Whose face is looking up at you from those waters?"

Without raising his eyes, Litchfield replied, in so softened a voice that she scarcely recognized it, while a tender light crept into the honest, brown eyes:

"The loveliest in the world to me."

"Whose?"

"The girl I am going home to marry. The one I have been working for all these two weary years. I wonder if you could see it. Look down there. Such a dear, sweet face, that of a girl, scarcely more than a child; a tender, oval face, which has never worn a look of care, and never will, please God. Such glorious dark eyes which I hope will reflect my image in them upon her heart and keep it there forever. Hair black as midnight, and yet which sometimes holds the sun imprisoned in its meshes; soft, fluffy, maddening hair, fragrant as her own clover blooms. Lady Barnchester, that is the face I am looking at when I lean over this railing; that is what has come between me and many a temptation when I have been away from home and fighting the world to wrench from it the gold to buy her luxuries. Can you wonder that these artificial products of a false system of society have no attraction for me, when I think of my precious girl bride, as innocent of any taint, as ignorant of the world and its baseness as though her eyes had just opened to it? When I see these women openly expressing their preference for me because they have learned that I have money, and then think of those glorious eyes which have never melted under a lover's glance, and that mouth upon which a lover's kiss has never been set, I can scarcely be civil to the members of her sex who hold their charms so lightly that a chance acquaintance can presume as none but an accepted suitor has any right."

"Still girls often make mistakes the women grown can never efface," and the honored lady sighed deeply.

"Possibly. However, I do not care to soil my memories of my darling with any incidents, however trifling. I am afraid I bore you, but you have been so kind that I enjoy being with you and I hope'—— he hesitated.

A soft hand clasped his warmly:

"My dear boy, I have a son, and have tried to keep myself young to be sympathetic with him. Let me know about this little sweetheart of yours, if you will. Is she pledged to you?"

Litchfield leaned back in his chair and thought deeply for a few moments before answering:

"No; I can not say that she is, although I have thought of her as my future wife for so many years that it seems as though we were intended for each other since the beginning of time. Do you know I am one of the waifs of this world? A quarter of a century ago a good, tender-hearted physician found me lying on his doorstep. I was well clothed and there was a packet of money with me. That was all. Not a word to say who or what I was. Most men would have placed me in some asylum, but Doctor Arden was not that kind of a man. He took the helpless baby into his home, put the money in the bank, and brought the boy up exactly as he would had the nameless one, probably with a heritage of shame, been his own. Some years later his heart was broken, for the woman he loved preferred his brother, but he stood by the young couple, and when the wife came back to him to die heart-broken on account of losing her husband in a railroad accident, he received her like the brother he was, and has reared her little orphan daughter. It is this little girl whom I love." Again the young man sat silently looking out over the restless waves.

"You left home to win a fortune?" the Countess asked, quietly, although she was sitting with her face shaded from the brilliant light.

"Yes; my foster father gave me the money which had been wrapped up with me, and which he had carefully invested, and told me to go out into the world and learn something of it. I think he thought it best we separated until she grew old enough to know her own mind."

"Then you left without a word to her?"

"Certainly. The child was barely fifteen."

"Some one else may have discovered your treasure," suggested the Countess, gently, for she felt it would be a terrible thing for the young man to keep up illusions which might be shattered at any minute.

Litchfield laughed heartily.

"My dear Lady Barnchester, if you knew Ardendale, you would never think that. There never was so sleepy a village before. No; my little Clover is growing up for me, and I shall endeavor to repay her for her goodness and sweetness with a life of devotion."

"Suppose she should not love you?"

"Yes; that is possible, although I do not think of that. Still, if that be true, I will try and bear my misery like a man."

"Do you love her enough, my boy, to see her given into the hands of another?" came in gentle accents from his companion.

The young man drew himself up, and throwing back his broad shoulders, said, earnestly:

"Lady Barnchester, my love for Clover Arden as the best and purest thing in my life, it is my life, and yet were I to find she loved one who was worthy of her, I would try and put every thought of myself aside. Doctor Arden taught me a lesson I shall never forget. True love desires perfect happiness for the loved one, no matter what may be the cost. If I cannot fill her dear life with absolute happiness as a husband, then I will try to add to it as her big brother, but, oh, my friend, I dare not think of the utter desolation which will be mine if I cannot make her my wife."

This charming story will be continued in the next issue of the Ledger. Every subscriber is entitled to our free cameras and patterns as announced on pages thirteen and fifteen.

The BOY who cornered the MARKET

JAY JOHNS lives in Western Pennsylvania. From the neighboring city of Pittsburg he has apparently absorbed some of the spirit of its gigantic business combinations. Some time ago he started to sell *The Saturday Evening Post*. During his first day's work he encountered five other boys selling the magazine, and only five regular customers were secured. Still he ordered fifteen copies for the next week. He sold all of them and ordered thirty copies for the next week. By that time three of the other boys had stopped work, and again Jay "jumped" the order.

Three weeks later Jay received a special prize of $25.00. He sent back the check and wrote this letter:

"I want to be the only toad in this puddle. I can sell more copies than all of them put together, anyway. Three of these boys have quit, and to-day I bought out the other two boys by giving them fifty cents apiece. I am now the only boy here who sells THE POST. If you will agree not to appoint anybody else so long as I sell a lot, you can credit this $25.00 and send 100 copies for next week and 125 copies each week thereafter."

The publishers did as he desired, and at the end of three months he was selling nearly 200 copies a week. Then he looked up the other boys who had stopped work and engaged them to work for him. They went to work under Jay's direction and the "corner" was complete.

ANY BOY willing to work a few hours on Fridays and Saturdays can earn money through *The Saturday Evening Post* plan. More than 6000 do so each week. We will furnish the first week's supply of ten copies without charge. You can then send the wholesale price for as many as you find you can sell the next week.

$300.00 in Extra Cash Prizes Next Month

If you will try it the first week's supply and full instructions will be sent.

Boy Department, The Curtis Publishing Company
474 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger. When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger. When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

Instinct Saved Him.

Rescuer—How did you manage to avoid stranglin'?

Rescued—I allers keep me mout' shut when dere's water about.

His Idea of a Cocktail.

One of the attaches of the French embassy at Washington is a new arrival and naturally is not familar either with the English language or with the drinks that Americans affect. He is, notwithstanding, fond of good company and does not object to a good time, punctuated with liberal libations from the cup that both cheers and inebriates. One morning last week he furnished considerable amusement to a party at the Raleigh. On a previous evening he had indulged too freely and the following morning had on the invitation of friends drunk several cocktails to take "that dark brown taste" out of his mouth. It was noticed that the attache was particularly interested in the preparation of the drinks and gave his undivided attention to the mixing of the various ingredients. The cocktails proved to have the desired effect and monsieur was jubilant over the discovery of a panacea for an aching head.

Two nights afterward he again dined sumptuously and on the morning following the accompanying discomfiture was very much present. So this time, happy in the thought of the cocktail, he started off on his own hook for the cure and soon reached the hotel, walked to the bar and there asked for "a glass of con-tra-dic-shun."

Naturally the man at the bar had never heard of such a drink and endeavored to find out just what monsieur really wanted.

"I mean what I say," he answered in a high key. "I want a glass of con-tra-dic-shun."

Still the bartender could not understand and in a hopeless way named over many drinks, but to no purpose.

"I will exsplaine heem to you, den," said the Frenchman in characteristically exciting tones. "Fairst, vous put in ze wheeskay to make heem strong. Zen vous put in ze wataire to make heem weak. Zen vous put in ze la mong to make heem souaire and zen vous put in ze sugair to make heem sweet. Zen one, maybe two, tings more—I know not. Now, zen, vous drink heem yousself. Ef zat is not con-tra-dic-shun I know not ze exs-splainashun of zat word."

"Now I understand," said the bartender, "You want a cocktail."

"Ah! zat is heem," cried monsieur. "Ze tail of a cock. Make me one, two, three of heem."

Fifty Years a Preacher.

Doctor J. T. Crippen, of Waterloo, Iowa, a pioneer of the Methodist Church, has just celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his entrance into the ministry. In forty-five years he missed but one Sunday, that being on account of illness, and in the entire half century he has missed but four, three of them coming in succession. He has dedicated ninety-two churches. Doctor Crippen always looks at the bright side of things. During the illness which kept him away from church four weeks his physicians had given up hope of his recovery, but he had not. His wife in all seriousness asked what songs he wished sung at his funeral, and he said if she had no choice they might sing "When Johnnie Goes Marching Home," and Doctor Crippen's recovery dated from that moment.

Wanted a Demonstration.

A certain English judge, noted for corpulency and wit, as most men of bulk are likewise men of infinite jest, was greatly disturbed in mind by his tendency to ever increasing stoutness. He tried many remedies, but without any success. At length a friend suggested that he should take a course of treatment at certain hot springs. He immediately set out for the place, sojourned there for a few weeks, managed to get rid of a good deal of his superfluous flesh and returned home in a most happy and jocular frame of mind. On the first morning fter his return, when he was wending his way to the courthouse, he came to the butcher's shop where his family were supplied with meat. Marching inside, he said: "Cut me off twenty pounds of pork." The butcher sharpened his knife and at once complied. The judge looked at the meat for a minute or two and then walked off. "Shall I send the pork to your house?" inquired the butcher, who felt that the judge had overlooked instructions. "Oh, no," was the reply, given with a smile. "I don't want it. I have fallen off just twenty pounds and I only wanted to have an idea of how much it was."

Would Be Sportsmanlike.

On a recent occasion at Princeton Paul Van Dyke told this story as a joke on his brother Henry, the famous author and professor of English at Princeton:

"It was when we were boys," said Paul Van Dyke; "we had been out hunting all day and had not had a shot at anything. Finally along toward evening we spied a covey of partridges in the long grass at the end of a frozen pond. We were both excited and Henry began to run around the edge of the ice toward the partridges.

"'Don't shoot 'em on the run!' I called out. 'Don't shoot 'em on the run!'

"'I w-w-won't,' stammered Henry in his excitement. 'I'll w-w-wait till they st-stop.'"

She Never Tempted Him.

Said an indignant mother to her young son: "Why did you strike little Elsie, you naughty boy?"

Dick, indignant in his turn, exclaimed: "What did she want to cheat me for, then?"

"How did she cheat?" asked mamma, more mildly.

"Why," exclaimed Dick, "we were playing at Adam and Eve, and she had the apple to tempt me with, and she never tempted me, but went and ate it up herself."

Worse Still.

Mr. Stubb—Here is another woman who insisted that the word "obey" should be left out of the marriage ceremony.

Mrs. Stubb—Well, I don't think it should be left out.

Mr. Stubb (surprised)—I am glad to hear that.

Mrs. Stubb—No; I don't think it should be left out. I think the man should say it.

BORN IN MYSTERY.

OR, THE HEIRESS OF CLAREMONT HALL.

BY LIBBIE SPRAGUE PHILLIPS.

Begun in No. 42, Oct. 17. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be procured from news stands, or our agents, or by mail from office of publication.

PART III.

It was a lovely June morning. Hill and valley were bathed in the clear and quiet sunshine of a perfect summer day; but Agnes, sitting 'neath the shade of the old oaks on the lawn, felt that the earth had suddenly grown cold and dark, as after reading Ellis' cruel letter, she let it fall unheeded to the ground and gazed wearily about her.

Her heart was like lead, a strange surging in her brain, and for a while she felt incapable of even thought.

Then at last she came to realize that her lover had given her up, that for some reason he would not explain, he took back the troth he had plighted, and she wondered if the dull, aching pain at her heart would ever leave it.

Who was this friend? For now it seemed to strike her as strange that Ellis had never once mentioned his name. He had always spoken of him as "my friend." Who was he? What was his trouble, and why should Ellis feel called upon to break his engagement with her to devote his life to him?

"More mysteries!" she sighed. Indeed, it seemed to her that life had grown to be nothing but mystery.

Then, like a flash, the thought came to her: "Was this mysterious, unknown friend of Ellis Deering's the man who had wedded Marian Blake?"

She had never thought of this before; and picking up Ellis' letter, she read it through again, carefully and thoughtfully.

"Some day, Agnes," he had written, "you will know and understand why I have done this thing and bless me for it." This man had been Dick's friend he had told her when he made that brief visit in the winter. It was for Dick's sake that he was befriending him. Had this friend some time in the past done Dick some mighty favor—saved his life, perhaps—and was Ellis, for the sake of the love which he had felt for Dick Claremont, paying for his dead friend the debt of gratitude? And if this man was the one who had wedded Marian, did not this explain why he would wish her to care for his child, she—the sister of his old-time friend?

Ah! it might be so. And as through the long hours of that summer day, she pondered over this one thought, she came to believe that she had solved a part of the mystery at least.

The next day Doctor Deering called at Claremont Hall, and as Agnes heard him tell the servant who met him at the door that he wished to see Major Claremont alone, she instinctively felt that his visit concerned Ellis and herself. More than an hour passed, during which time they were in earnest conversation together, then she was summoned into their presence.

The Doctor's face wore a troubled look as he took her hand in greeting, while his eyes were bent upon her with a pitying expression.

"What we wish to know," he said, kindly, still holding her hand, "is this: Has my nephew broken his engagement with you?"

Agnes' eyes immediately sought her father's face. Was there to be another scene, she wondered.

"Tell us all about it," her father said, as he placed a chair for her; and the unusual ring of tenderness in his voice put Agnes at her ease at once.

"Not exactly," she replied; "he says that as his stay abroad may necessarily be a long one, he feels that, in justice to myself, he should release me from the engagement. Has he written to you on the subject, Doctor?"

The Doctor's face assumed a thoughtful, puzzled expression.

"Yes," he answered, "but I cannot understand why this friend of whom he writes has such claims upon him, claims that make it necessary for him to renounce his home, his love and his bride, and go roaming the Lord knows where, living the Lord knows how, and to return the Lord only knows when! Did he tell you, Agnes, to what part of the world he was going?"

"No!"

A despairing look came into Agnes' eyes.

"I had not thought of it before," she said, after a moment's thought, "but I remember now, he gave me no address, no faintest clew as to where he was going. Doctor, can it be possible that we are not to hear from him? Have you no knowledge of his whereabouts?"

"Not the slightest, and I am greatly troubled. There is something about this affair that is mysterious. Ellis has always been the soul of honor; that he has gotten into trouble himself, I cannot for a moment believe. But there is something more than the ill health of a friend that has taken him abroad. I believe that he is trying to protect some one from the consequence of some miserable folly. But, who? Ah, yes, who is he? What has he done? Where have they gone? When will they return?" Here the Doctor began to pace the floor in great excitement. "Ah! my poor girl," he said, at length, as he paused in his walk and stood by Agnes' side, "you, doubtless, have asked yourself these same questions; and through the long, lonely years that lie before us, we will ask them over and over again, and nothing but the mocking echo of our own words will answer us. I am deeply grieved. I am getting to be an old man and I feel the need of pleasant companionship. I had cherished the sweet thought that the old Deering mansion which has long been nothing but an old bachelor's abode, would some day be blessed by a loving woman's presence; that those old walls which have long been silent, would some day ring with the echo of childish voices. Ah, my child"—and he laid his hand caressingly on Agnes' head—"I loved Ellis as a son, I should have loved you as a daughter; must I give up the thought and the hope which I have for long years entertained, that you two, Ellis and your own sweet self, would cheer and brighten the old home for me in my old age?"

"I shall be true to Ellis," Agnes replied, "and wait for his return. I, too, believe him innocent of any wrong."

"But, my child," interposed Major Claremont, who had remained silent until now, "I am sorry to say that I do not agree with you. I think that Ellis Deering's companion in exile is his own guilty conscience—nothing more nor less. Pardon me, Doctor"—and he turned to the old man who had begun to pace the floor again—"we have been lifelong friends, and as I said a while ago, I would not wound your feelings if I could avoid it, nor would I wish to destroy your faith in this boy whom you have loved as a son, if I did not feel it my duty, for my own child's sake, to speak out plainly on this subject. I will now tell you my reasons for believing him lacking in principle and honor. I accidentally learned that he accompanied Marian Blake to New York. After her death I engaged a detective to investigate the matter thoroughly, as I did not intend to give my daughter to one unworthy of her. A few weeks ago I received a letter from the detective requesting my immediate presence in the city. I went. He had discovered the church in which Marian Blake was married. The marriage register revealed the fact that the very same day of her arrival in that city she was married to one who signed himself Edgar Manning. Now, she knew no one in New York, of that I am certain; and I am equally certain that she would not wed a stranger. After finding this marriage register, the detective at once began to search the hotel registers, and finally his efforts were rewarded, for on one of them he found the names he sought—Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Manning. Then he sent for me, and taking portraits of both Marian and Ellis, I went to New York and with the detective went to the hotel where he had found those names registered. The proprietor told me that Mrs. Manning had been brought there by her husband some time in September, that he remained one night, then went away, leaving his wife there, and he never saw him again as he was absent from home when he came in November and took her away. He recognized the portrait of Marian Blake as the likeness of the lady, who, as Mrs. Manning, had dwelt two months beneath his roof; but having seen Mr. Manning but once, and having taken little or no notice of him at that time he could not tell if the portrait of Ellis Deering was that of Manning or not. But the clerk recognized it at once as that of the man who had come for Mrs. Manning, paid her bills, and took her away; and he also told me that when he went to their room for Mrs. Manning's trunk he heard her begging of him not to send her home. 'I will do anything, go anywhere, and stay as long as you wish me to stay, but, for God's sake, Ellis, do not send me home!' These, the clerk told me, were the words she used. Now, Doctor, what do you gather from these facts?"

The Doctor shook his head.

"Appearances are against him," he said, sadly, but I must have absolute proof before I believe him guilty of wrong."

"And I," returned the Major, "must have absolute proof before I can believe him innocent. I have studied the matter well. Marian Blake was married the same day on which she reached New York, and, as I said before, we all know that she would not wed a stranger, that is not for a moment to be supposed. Now, as she had lived here all her life among us, received her education here at the village school, in fact, she never was twenty miles from home before her journey to New York, I do not believe. In view of these facts, what chance did she have of forming an acquaintance of which we know nothing? None at all; therefore, I can come to no other conclusion than this: Edgar Manning was none other than the man who accompanied her to the city, Ellis Deering himself. And we have the hotel clerk's word that it was Ellis who paid her bills, Ellis who took her away, and it was Ellis with whom she pleaded not to be sent home; therefore, it was Ellis who sent her home. Agnes," and he turned now and addressed his daughter who sat listening with a horrified expression on her face, "it is better that you should know all the facts of the case now, that you may not waste the best years of your life in waiting for one who has proved himself false and villainous. For when he married Marian Blake he proved himself false in principle, false in honor, false in love, and false to you; and when, after having grown tired of her, he sent her home, apparently disgraced, to die alone, he proved himself a coward and a villain! Such a man cannot have my daughter!"

The Major had grown excited while talking; all his old fiery temper was roused, and as he uttered the last word he brought his hand down upon the table with such force that the very walls trembled. The next instant there was a crash, and the portrait of Dick Claremont, which four years ago had been turned with its face to the wall, was lying at their feet. The moths had eaten the cord, thus making it insecure, and the jar caused by the Major's hand upon the table, had brought it down.

Major Claremont shivered as he stooped to pick it up, for the painted life-like face of his son seemed to be gazing up at him with something like reproach in the great, black eyes.

"Take it away!" he said, as Agnes rose and took the picture from his trembling hands. But she, after mending the cord, hung it back in its accustomed place with the dear face turned to the light of day, and the Major, seeing what she had done, uttered not a word.

Agnes never forgot the incident. It seemed to her that the eyes of that dear face were fixed upon her as though there was something that he would say, and, like an echo, Ellis Deering's words came back to her: "It is for Dick's sake that I am doing this. Let this thought comfort you, darling, when I am far away I am doing this for Dick's sake." While listening to her father's story the old misgivings had come rushing back upon her in full force, filing her heart for a few moments with vague sorrow, uneasiness and fear. But the memory of these words together with the memory of the look which had come over his face when he uttered them, an earnest pleading look for her faith and trust. Ah! she had felt then that he was true, and the same feeling came back to her now despite the almost convincing proof of his falseness.

"You may be right, papa," she said, wearily, "but it will take something more than this story to destroy my faith in Ellis, although I admit that everything looks dark against him; and there are just grounds for suspicion, I also admit. But I, who love him, I who have known him as one truly noble and generous and just, cannot believe him guilty of anything like this—I cannot! I, like the Doctor, must still believe in him until I have absolute proof of his unworthiness!"

A look of joy lit up the Doctor's troubled face, and drawing Agnes to his side, he kissed her tenderly.

"God bless you!" he said, in a tearful voice, "for your faith in my boy, and for the sweet comfort which your words bring to my heart. God bless you, Agnes Claremont!"

"I wish I could share your feelings," said the Major, "but I cannnot, although it pains me greatly to believe that Ellis Deering is a villain. I know how to pity you, Doctor. A few years ago my own heart was wrung with grief by the knowledge that my own boy was a scoundrel, and now——"

He could say no more. He had, while speaking, raised his eyes to the pictured face upon the wall; now he dropped his head upon the table and Agnes knew by the great tearless sobs that shook his frame, how great had been his grief.

This was the first time he had ever voluntarily mentioned his son. Were those black eyes which were gazing down at them from the canvas, pleading for forgiveness? Did her father feel that this was so, she wondered?

Doctor Deering took his leave now, after thanking her again for her loyalty to Ellis. "I cannot believe him guilty!" the poor old man said, as he bade her good-by; and for the remainder of that day her own heart echoed the words. The greatest question with her now was how to live her life without Ellis; for she felt that something had torn their lives asunder forever. Ah! what was it?

But as she laid her head upon her pillow that night, Ellis' words seemed to ring in her ears again: "Let this thought comfort you, darling, when I am far away: I am doing this for Dick's sake." Ah! there was comfort in the thought, although she could not in the least understand why he could be doing anything for her brother's sake now that he was dead. But when she said her prayers she asked God to give her strength to bear her lonely, darkened life uncomplainingly, and added, almost unconsciously, while her voice lingered lovingly over the words: "For Dick's sake."

The same bright, silvery moonlight that fell on the black tresses of Agnes Claremont that night as she slumbered on her pillow, also fell upon a lonely island where the waves of the great Atlantic beat and dashed upon its shores, and upon the faces of two sorrowful-looking men who were lying in hammocks just outside of a rude-looking hut which had been hastily erected upon that rock-bound coast. "Marian, oh, Marian!" fell in piteous tones from the lips of one, as he tossed about in uneasy slumber; while the other, gazing out across the broad expanse of glistening ocean, with longing eyes and a homesick expression on his noble looking face, murmured, as miles and miles away, sweet Agnes Claremont had done: "For Dick's sake!" Then brushing away the tears that were rolling over his face, he added: "Aye, and for her own dear sake as well!"

Agnes Claremont rose the next morning fully resolved that she would make the most of the shattered remnants of her life. Hope was destroyed, for something kept telling her that Ellis Deering would never return; and as the days and weeks went by and no letter came from him, she felt almost convinced that this was so. But love and faith still remained to her and she felt that until they were gone, she could endure her life if not enjoy it.

But one day while thinking over the story which her father had told of Edgar Manning, she suddenly came to believe that she had heard that name before.

Edgar Manning! Over and over she repeated the name to herself, then after about an hour of deep thinking, she went up to the attic and began to search through some old newspapers in an excited manner.

Ah! there it was! the article she had been searching for, and how the words seemed to stare at her from the pages.

"The trial of Edgar Manning for the murder of Margaret Dare."

She had read the whole story at the time,

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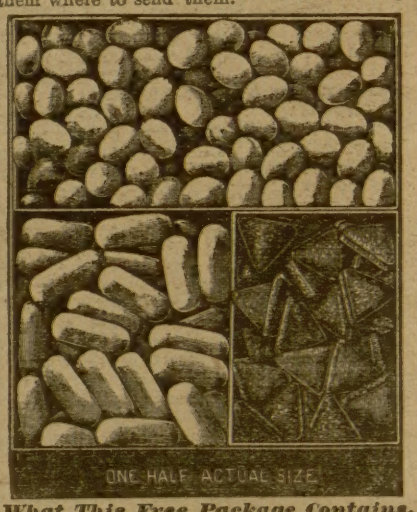

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but she read it through again with a painful interest, hurrying through the sickening details of the trial, impatient to know the verdict of the jury. She came to it at last.

"Guilty of murder in the first degree!"

The paper fell from her nerveless hands and her head dropped over against the window-sill, shaking from the old attic window the dust and cobwebs which fell all about her unheeded.

Ah! was this guilty murderer the man whom Marian Blake had married? Was this deeply-dyed criminal the father of the little child whom she had grown to love so dearly?

True, it might be just possible that this murder trial concerned some other Edgar Manning; but on the other hand, this story would explain Marian's unwillingness to reveal her husband's history or his name.

Ah! this must be the well-guarded secret. But when and where had she become acquainted with him? Why had she married him?

Agnes picked up the paper again and eagerly scanned its pages, but there was nothing that gave her any more light on the subject.

Nothing could induce the prisoner, so the paper said, to tell aught of his home or of his friends.

But his sentence to death? Some later paper must tell of that. Was he still living, she wondered.

Then all at once the thought came to her: Was this the man whom Ellis was befriending? Had his trip abroad been only to some horrid prison within the walls of which his friend was awaiting the time when, for shedding the life blood of a fellow creature, he must die: did this explain the "dreadful hours" of which Ellis had spoken?

She dwelt upon this hideous thought for a moment, and then one still more dreadful worked itself within her mind:

If, as her father believed, Ellis had personated Edgar Manning, was he the murderer—he—Ellis Deering?

The color faded from her face, her heart seemed to stop its beating; and for a moment she felt that she would die.

But, no. Ellis had visited her in December; he could not have done so had he been on trial for his life; for the paper containing the shocking story had been published in December.

This thought restored her senses in a measure; but she felt that in that one awful moment she had lived the misery of a lifetime. She knew now how great was her love for Ellis Deering.

Hastily she searched for the next paper, and the first words on which her eyes rested were these:

"Terrible railway accident, in which the murderer, Edgar Manning, who was being conveyed to the State prison at Sing Sing, was instantly killed."

Then he was already dead. If this were so, then Ellis was not awaiting his execution from some dreary prison; he had actually gone abroad; but with whom? Surely, not with Edgar Manning, as he was dead.

Agnes brushed the hair from her aching brow with a weary gesture. She had puzzled her brain over the dark secret of Marian's trouble and of Ellis Deering's absence until she felt dizzy and confused; and the more she learned about it, the deeper the mystery grew. The idea that she had formerly entertained that Ellis was roaming about the world with the father of Marian's child, trying to shield her from the consequence of some miserable folly, was gone now and a more haunting idea had taken its place: The father of that little innocent child had been a murderer and had been dead for some time past.

She picked up the newspapers again and searched through them all of more recent date, but she found nothing more concerning him. He had been instantly killed, thus escaping the hangman's rope, and public interest seemed to have ceased with his death.

She now wondered if her father had read the story. If he had, it had been before he learned that Marian Blake had wedded one bearing the same name, and had, like herself, forgotten all about it. She now resolved that she would burn the papers as she did not care to have him think that baby's father had been a murderer. For the child's sake, she must keep that thought from entering his mind.

But as she left the musty old attic and descended the stairs to the pleasant rooms below, she found that the hideous idea was firmly fixed within her own mind, and the haunting words seemed dancing before her eyes: "Guilty of murder in the first degree." And when baby Marian twined her arms about her neck and laid her little dimpled face over against her own, she felt herself shivering at the touch.

And yet why should she?

Ah! the sins of the fathers visited upon the children unto the third and fourth generation.

This thought stabbed the tender heart of Agnes Claremont with a cruel pang. Must this little innocent suffer for a crime committed before she was born; must the shadow of that awful deed darken its sweet young life? Then she resolved that never, if she could help it, should the child or any one else learn the awful facts. For Agnes felt convinced that she had stumbled upon the truth.

And as she sat there in the deepening twilight holding the baby who was gazing with wondering eyes upon her face which was again bathed in tears, she felt that it would be less painful to believe as her father did, that Ellis was the guilty one, than to believe that the father of that dearly loved baby had been a criminal.

Then she tried to picture to herself what her life was to be. Ah! what had her youthful dreams of love and happiness brought her? Her golden days were gone. The springtime of her life was over and the remainder was to be one long gray autumn day.

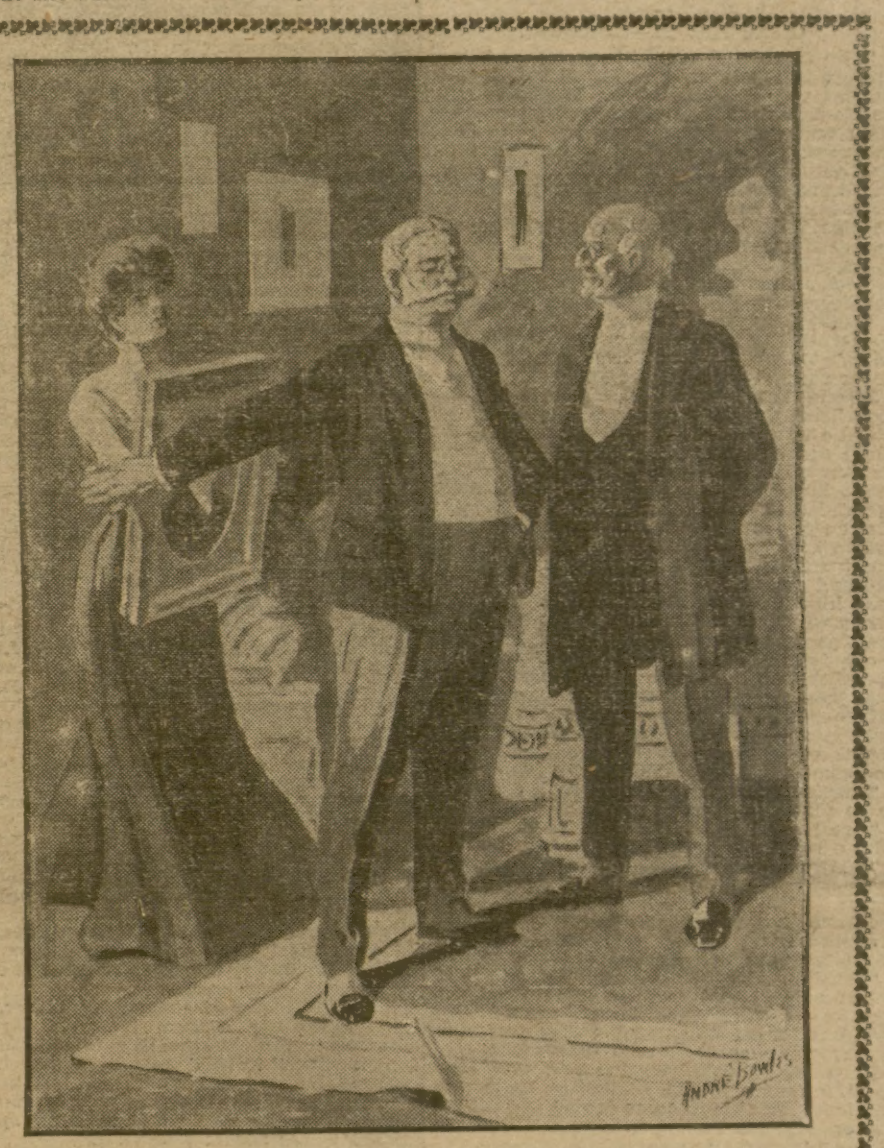
What she suffered in those days no one knew. Perhaps her father guessed, partly. At any rate, a tenderness came into his manner toward her.

But he never mentioned the child but once, and that was to tell her that it must be kept entirely away from him.

"I never wish to see it," he said, "and it must never be allowed to roam through the house. You did a very foolish thing when you took it, and a very wicked thing when you disobeyed my command and kept it; and some day you will repent having done so, for blood will tell; it will cause you trouble some day. I am a firm believer in hereditary vices."

Agnes listened and shuddered. What if he knew that Edgar Manning was not Ellis Deering, as he supposed, but one branded with the brand of Cain. The worst that he could imagine of Ellis was, that he was unprincipled and false in honor, but she had learned that Edgar Manning's crimes had been of the very blackest. If he knew this, he might well talk of hereditary vices.

This strange story of love and mystery will be continued in next week's Ledger, leading the reader to some very dramatic and remarkable situations. Every subscriber is entitled to our free cameras and patterns as advertised on pages thirteen and fifteen.



"Take it away!"

How to Amuse the Baby.

Dear nephews, Uncle Slush this week is going to tell you how to amuse the baby. Mamma, no doubt, leaves you many times to take care of baby brother or sister while she is gadding around at pink teas and to meetings for the consideration of the Duties of Motherhood and the Care and Proper Feeding and Training of Infants of Heathen in Damafoozela.

Most boys are not overwhelmed with riotous joy when this task befalls them, but I am going to tell you how you can make the time spent in caring for the baby moments of real delight both for yourself and the small child intrusted to your fostering care.

First, smashing dishes. Baby loves to hear a noise and to see things broken. The destructive element is noticeable in children of tender years and should not be neglected. Gather up all the dishes you can carry in your arms and take them out to the front porch. Put the baby in a high chair at one end of the porch. Now take the cups and plates one by one and smash them against the wall. The baby will shout with delight and will clap its chubby hands with glee.

You have often noticed that baby has reached its tiny hands many times in a vain attempt to get hold of Uncle Tom's new silk hat. But Uncle Tom, being a crusty old bachelor, and not having a proper love for children in his cold, crafty nature, will not permit the innocent little baby to play with his hat. Go upstairs to Uncle Tom's room and get the silk hat. Wear it downstairs on your head. Baby will enjoy itself much more if it thinks the hat belongs to you and that you do not want him to have it. Babies are unlike older people in this respect in that they would rather have something that other people do not want them to have. After you have secured the respectful attention of the baby take the silk hat and let the baby play with it for a few minutes. Baby will like to sit in the hat no doubt. Also empty the gold fish tank into the hat and let the baby catch the pretty little fishes. Squash the top of the hat down and then draw it in and out as though it were an accordion. This will please baby immensely.

After baby has tired of the fishes and the silk hat, perhaps it would like to see something more exciting, so you had better turn in a fire alarm. Baby will clap its hands in glee to see the big horses come dashing madly down the quiet street. Tell the firemen the conflagration is raging in the attic of your house, so that they will run up a lead of hose and do a lot of amusing tricks that will give baby the time of his life. After the fire department has gone away you can come down out of the tree and resume your duties of amusing the baby.

If the day is chilly and you have to keep the baby in the house, you can still find plenty of nice things to do that will keep baby's attention from wandering and give it a good time. Babies always love animals. Go out and lead the family cow into the nursery. How baby will shout to see the funny old moo moo cow walking right into the house. Let the bossy cow graze off the green woolly rug in the hall and lead her all around the house. Tie her up to the hat rack and let her stay there while you are hunting up some more things to do to amuse the child.

If you can find a funny old pig it will be nice to bring it into the house and put it in the parlor. Have the piggy walk around and grunt and how happy little baby brother will be to be sure. A horse or two brought into the house will add to the joy of the baby. Fill the bathtub with water and bring in some ducks and let them swim while you sit in a chair by the tub and splash water on the wall. That will make the baby laugh merrily.

Perhaps you can think up some pleasant things to do on your own account. But at any rate you will see from what Uncle Slush has said in this article that it is easy to amuse the baby and keep him laughing and gay all the time mother is absent from the house if you only try. Some people declare that it is hard to amuse the baby. Pish, tush. Just try these little instructions given herewith and when mother comes home baby will be laughing heartily and mamma will be so glad. Sincerely,

Uncle Slush.

Sarah's Gloves.

A family in the South had a coal-black cook named Sarah, whose husband was suddenly killed in a quarry accident. For the time being her grief was allayed by the preparations for an elaborate funeral, and on the day of this event, so dear to negroes, who desire to show their importance, she appeared before her mistress in deepest black, but on her hands were a pair of white gloves, such as soldiers wear at dress parade and guard mount.

"Why, Aunty," exclaimed her mistress, "what made you get white gloves?"

Sarah drew herself up indignantly, and said, in the chilliest tones, "Don't you suppose I wants dem niggahs to see dat I'se got on gloves?"

Too Precious.

A village clergyman was one day summoned in haste by Mrs. Johnston, who had been taken suddenly ill. He went, in some wonder, because she was not a member of his church, and was known to be devoted to her own minister, the Rev. Mr. Hopkins.

While he was waiting in the parlor, before seeing the sick woman, he beguiled the time by talking with her daughter.

"I am very much pleased to know your mother thought of me in her illness," he said. "Is the Rev. Mr. Hopkins away?"

"No," she said. "Oh, no! But we're afraid it's something contagious, and we didn't like to run any risks."

A Song of Hope.

I.

Weep not the years—
The bitter storm and trouble of the past;
Life will not thank thee for thy tenderest tears;
Take heart—take hope at last!

II.

Let not thy sighs
Make sad the music of earth's briefest day.
The light is shining in Love's unveiled eyes:
Behold! the morning's ray!

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Nov. 4, 1901.

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UNION LABEL

ALLIED PRINTING TRADES UNION LABEL COUNCIL 239 CHICAGO, ILL.

Carpenters and poker players are known by their chips.

Taking too much liberty may deprive a man of his liberty.

All things come to those who stop waiting and go after them.

A sensible woman seldom wastes her time on a handsome man.

The mosquito, like death, loves a shining mark; namely, a bald head.

One way to dampen a Kentuckian's spirits is to mix a little water with 'em.

The child is father to the man and the college graduate is his grandfather.

A woman will forgive a man anything except his refusal to ask forgiveness.

Children are the light of the home, but sometimes they should be turned down.

Some of the new millionaires seem to have got ahead by thinking with their elbows.

The most successful lawyers now are the ones who can keep their clients out of court.

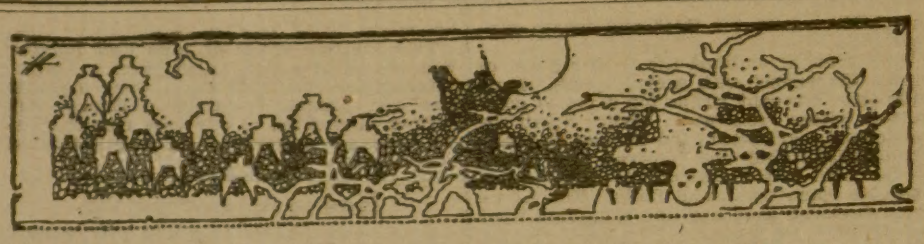
Many a man who prides himself on his good heart is simply too cowardly to be mean.

The time is rapidly approaching when one half the world will be in the madhouse and the other half outside, and then the tug of war will be to see which half is sane.

President Roosevelt's former pleas for "justice to Cuba" might be supplanted next time by the recommendation that Congress try to get back some of the valuable Cuban trade which this country has lost.

The Chicago managers of the district messenger service are hardly to be blamed for employing negro messenger boys. Black is supposed to be a faster color than white, anyway, though goodness knows there's been little complaint of running among the white lads.

The women should complain less about their lot in life. After they have eaten a big Sunday dinner they have to hustle around and do the dishes, and this activity is good for their health. A man, having no dishes to do, gets sluggish sitting around and becomes miserable. We fear that the women do not appreciate all their advantages over the men.



THE SIN OF THE FATHER;

OR, A FATAL MARRIAGE.

BY THOMAS P. MONTFORT.

Begun in No. 41, Oct. 10. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be procured from news stands, or our agents, or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER X.—Continued.

"You thought I was fool enough and base enough to fall into your net," she said, "but in that you were mistaken. My name may be blackened and my character shattered by the slander of lying tongues, but I have not yet sunk low enough to become your wife. And more than that, Mr. Blackmore, since you have had your say, I have a right to have mine. I must say, then, that I utterly despise and loathe you, that I disdain your generosity, and that I consider you one of the smallest, meanest, and most despicable of God's creatures. It is you who have slandered me, you who have made war on a weak, helpless woman, you who have blackened my reputation, and I loathe you as I would the slimiest serpent. Go, and never dare to speak to me again."

Martin Blackmore was completely demoralized and his surprise was so great that he was not able to make any reply. He could not think, and he was not sure that he was alive. Only a moment ago he had counted the victory won, and had felt fully assured that Armina was his. She had led him on to that point where he saw nothing before him but a level outstretch of open road, and then with startling suddenness she had sprung a trap beneath his feet and sent him headlong down a steep precipice into a cavern filled with midnight darkness. He was utterly dumbfounded and lost, and for a full minute he stood there with his eyes fixed on her in an idiotic stare.

At last, however, his wandering senses returned and he began to comprehend the true meaning of her conduct. A flush of shame and resentment came to his features and sparks of anger flashed from his eyes.

"Armina," he said, "I am not in a humor to be fooled with like that."

"Are you not?" she answered. "Then my advice to you is to go home."

"Well," he cried, with such sudden energy and anger that Armina started in alarm. "Do you persist in adding fresh insult to that you have already given me? Do you persist in trying to make a fool of me, thinking I will stand it?"

"I think, Mr. Blackmore, that you had better go on about your business and leave me alone. I am not trying to make a fool of you, but I must acknowledge that you have succeeded in making one of yourself."

He came a step toward her, his eyes sparkling with a queer mixture of hatred and love. His hands were drawn tightly together, and his entire form was under the highest nervous tension.

"Armina," he said, in a hoarse tone, "do you mean to say that you spurn my offer?"

There was something fearful, something appalling, in the man's looks and manner, but Armina did not shrink from him. She felt that he was dangerous, but she did not fear him. She answered him in a steady, unwavering voice:

"Mr. Blackmore," she said, "I do spurn your offer, and I spurn your professions of love. I have told you that before, and I see no reason why you should want me to repeat it."

"Then, by the devils in hell," he cried, "you shall be mine or you shall rue the hour you refused. I have got the nerve of a lion and the will of hell, and I will not be fooled with. I won't be thwarted in a purpose when I have set my heart on it. Do you understand? I won't be thwarted, I tell you!"

Armina was alarmed now, for the man had laid his hand on her and held her arm in his grasp and she could not shake him loose. His manner was so wild that she began to think his reason had forsaken him, and she was uncertain as to what lengths he might go. She finally attempted to call out, but her voice was gone and she could not make a sound.

"Armina," he said, and she felt his hot breath on her cheek, "you shall be mine or you shall be no man's. You shall be my wife, or by all the devils in hell you shall die. In my arms you shall rest, in life if you will, in death if you must. Choose, Armina, choose for yourself which it shall be. Will you be my bride in life or in death?"

Armina was filled with inexpressible horror. Her blood froze in her veins and her heart stood still. She could not speak. She could not move. She was passive, helpless. He came nearer, and put his arm about her. He drew her gently toward him. He stooped to bring his face even with hers, and then attempted to kiss her. The spell was broken in an instant, and with a wild cry she tore herself from him. She tried to run away, but he followed and again caught her. He drew a knife from his pocket, raised it above her head where for one instant it glittered in the light. Armina looked upon the bright blade and shuddered, her face white as that of death and her eyes full of horror and despair. Only for one brief moment the knife hung above her head, but what a terrible moment that was!

CHAPTER XI.

IF HE HAD ONLY KNOWN.

Whether Martin Blackmore meant what he said, and whether or not he would have taken Armina's life and his own, will never be known. Whatever his intentions were he had no opportunity to put them into effect. He had scarcely raised the knife above his head when a stalwart figure emerged from a clump of bushes, not ten feet away, and stepping quickly forward, dealt Martin a blow with his naked fist that sent him sprawling in the dust.

Armina did not swoon under the effects of her sudden release, but she came near it. The terrible tension on her nerves relaxed and she staggered back from sheer physical weakness, and would have fallen had not Martin Blackmore's assailant extended his arm and caught her. A moment passed, a moment of perfect silence and inactivity. Martin Blackmore lay like one dead, and Armina reclined listlessly in the arms of Charlie Marston. It was a moment of deathly stillness, but to Marston it was the happiest moment of his life. It was a joy to have rescued the woman he loved from the power of a villain, but it was a greater joy by far to hold that woman in his arms, pressed close to his bosom with her sweet face so near his own. It was a fleeting pleasure, the sweet blossoms of which would bring forth bitter fruit of regret, but for the happiness of that one moment Charlie Marston would have bartered all his hopes of this life and the next.

"Oh, Charlie," Armina finally gasped, "I am so thankful, so thankful you came."

"And I, too, Armina," he replied. "There might have been danger, for there is no knowing how far the man might have gone."

"Oh, it was so terrible, so terrible," she exclaimed, "and he would have killed me. He was mad and he meant all he said. The look in his eyes, and the expression on his face—oh, I shall never forget them. Never! Oh, I am so glad, so glad you came!"

She still lay in his arms submitting quietly to his gentle pressure. She seemed in no haste to go, and even when her strength had returned she did not attempt to move. She was content, apparently, to have his arm about her, and to rest her head on his breast. He noticed all that, and for one brief instant his heart was full of hope. He felt, he began to believe, that, after all, she loved him, and there was a wild, tumultuous joy in his soul. It rose, it swelled, it filled his heart, it overflowed and permeated his being. But it was of short duration, and as quickly and suddenly as it came it ebbed away and disappeared.

Not a word was spoken by either, but each knew the other's feelings. Armina saw what was in Charlie's mind, and at once removed herself from his support. She was gentle in her movements, but he understood perfectly that she was unchanged, and that the hope that had suddenly sprung to life in his bosom was vain.

Assisting Martin Blackmore to his feet, and finding that he was not seriously hurt, Marston quietly addressed him.

"Mr. Blackmore," he began, "this is an exceedingly ugly scrape into which you have brought yourself. I presume you realize that."

Martin scowled, but made no reply. Marston went on:

"You have attempted to commit a murder, and——"

"I didn't," Blackmore interrupted, hastily, his form all in a tremble and his face as white as a sheet. "I didn't mean to hurt her. I was only intending to scare her."

"Well, that may be true," Marston said, "but you would scarcely hope to find a court and jury who would believe it; and if you were arraigned for trial you would certainly be convicted. You evidently realize that?"

Martin did realize it, as his looks and actions too plainly said. But he maintained a dogged silence, and refused to part his lips to give utterance to one word.

"In justice to Miss Blackmore, as well as to the laws of the country, I ought to give you up to be dealt with by stern justice. A term in prison is what you deserve and what you should have. But I will spare you on one condition, and that is that you leave here tonight and never again set your foot on the soil of this country. Will you go?"

"No!" Blackmore replied, emphatically.

"Then you shall stand trial for an attempt on Armnia's life. There are only the two alternatives before you, and you are privileged to choose between them. The matter is in your own hands. You can go away and escape prosecution and punishment, or you can remain here and bear the consequences. Say which you will do."

Martin cast one quick, furtive glance at Marston's face and what he saw there decided him. There was no reason to doubt the meaning of Marston's words, and it was plain to be read in his features that he meant what he said. Doggedly, sullenly Martin let his glance fall to the ground, while, in a voice choked with baffled rage and hatred, he said:

"I will go. Curse you, you have the power over me now, but the time will come when I shall have revenge. Remember that, Mr. Marston, and be prepared for it."

"I am not uneasy about anything of that kind," Marston answered. "Go!"

"Yes, I'll go; but you will see me again some day, and it may not be long. You shall feel my power then as I feel yours now. You will marry Armina, but I have the consolation of knowing that you take her without character and without name."

Marston could not restrain himself under this vile taunt aimed at Armina, and dashing forward, he caught at Martin's collar. The latter was alert, however, and springing quickly aside, beat a hasty retreat, and escaped.

Marston conducted Armina home and left her in the hands of Hester. Before parting from her, however, he bade her good-by, saying that it might be a long time before they met again, and perhaps it might be forever.

"Surely," she replied, "you are not going away from the country?"

"Yes; I am going tomorrow," he answered, sadly. "There is no pleasure in remaining here now, and I feel that I want to travel. I do not know where I shall go nor how long I shall remain away."

"I am sorry that you must go," Armina said, gently. "I wish it might be otherwise."

She understood perfectly why he was going, and he knew it; still, both avoided that subject, feeling that the less it was touched on the better for the peace of mind of both.

"Yes," he said, sadly, "I, too, wish with all my heart that it might have been different. But whatever fate wills to us we must learn to bear."

There was a long silence after that and they both stood looking out across the lawn into the gathering darkness. It was Armina who broke the pause.

"Charlie," she said, "you will not hide yourself away from us entirely? You will let us hear from you now and then, so that we may know that you live?"

"Will you care to know?" he asked.

"Charlie," she said, half reproachfully, half sadly. "Do you think me heartless and unfeeling?"

"No, no, Armina, never. Excuse me for that speech. I did not think or I should never have given utterance to those words."

"And you will write to me sometimes?" she questioned.

"Yes; sometimes," he replied. "It will not be much that I can write, though, and——"

What he was going to say she never knew, for he checked himself suddenly and though she waited for him to proceed, he did not do so.

Another long pause ensued, and neither of them seemed inclined to renew the conversation. They were both very thoughtful, and their minds were running on the same subject, but neither suspected what was in the mind of the other. If Marston had only known what Armina's thoughts were at that moment, the future of both of them would have been widely different from what it was. But he did not know, he did not know, and perhaps it was better that he did not.

At last he held out his hand and in a hoarse whisper said:

"Armina, farewell."

"Farewell," she replied, giving her hand into his.

He held her hand an instant, then murmuring the words, "God bless you," turned and walked rapidly away. She looked after him until he was out of sight, then turned into the house, whispering to herself:

"If he had asked me tonight to become his wife I could not have refused him. But perhaps it is better that he did not."

CHAPTER XII.

GEORGE BLACKMORE'S PLAN.

Martin Blackmore, true to his promise, left Mobile that night, though he would almost as soon have died as to have gone. But there was no alternative for him and he realized it. He realized, too, that his rashness and precipitancy had forever debarred him from all hope of ever winning Armina. He had gone too far, and thwarted his own plans and aims, but there was no retracing the steps he had taken. With a muttered curse on himself for his stupidity and foolhardiness, he accepted the inevitable and turned his back on his home and his friends and went away never to return.

The next day Charlie Marston went away, also. He carried with him a heavy heart, for his love for Armina was deep and passionate; and it was hard to face the indisputable fact that he must forever relinquish all hope of securing her love in turn. He felt that no matter where he went, no matter what scenes and incidents might come into his life, he could never lose one iota of the love he had for Armina, but that throughout his entire existence he must ever suffer the deepest, cruelest pangs of regret.

Two months passed. Armina was living more secluded than she ever had before, for now that Marston was gone, she felt friendless, indeed. There were a few people who would have visited her, but she doubted their motives and failed to make them welcome to her home. She had well nigh lost faith in humanity, and it was difficult for her to impute honorable or well-meaning motives to any one.

One evening as she and Hester were preparing to go out for a walk a servant came to announce a call from George Blackmore. It was the first time he had been in the house within Armina's knowledge, and his unexpected visit surprised and alarmed her.

"Hester," she said, "what does it mean?"

"Why, child," Hester replied, in her slow and honest way, "what could it mean? He has only decided that, as your uncle, it is his duty to be on good terms with you, and he has no doubt come to make up and be friends."

"No, Hester; it is not that. I feel confident that there is something deeper than that—some sinister purpose in his visit. He does not mean anything good, I'm sure."

"I think you judge him wrongfully, Armina," Hester replied. "But are you going to see him?"

"Yes; I may as well. Whatever his motive is I may as well know it now as later. However sinister it is, I will have to know it some time."

Armina ordered her visitor admitted and descended to the parlor to meet him. His greeting was exceedingly friendly—too friendly, indeed, considering the cold, deceitful smile that played over his features. His manner confirmed Armina's misgivings at once, and a fear and dread seized upon her and made her heart-sick. She was assured that whatever the object of his visit might be there was mischief at the bottom of it. And she was not mistaken, either, as she soon discovered.

After talking for some time on various subjects of trifling import, George Black-

more suddenly turned to Armina, and with his blandest manner, said:

"I called in this evening for the purpose of speaking to you on a matter of business. If you feel disposed to hear me I will state what it is. It is a matter that effects both you and I, and as much as I dislike to broach it, I realize that it will have to be discussed by us some time, and it may as well be now as later."

"Certainly," Armina replied, "if there is any matter of business affecting us both it should be considered and settled at once. I was not aware, however, that there was anything of the kind, and I can not imagine, even faintly, to what you can have reference."

"I am perfectly aware of that, Miss; and for the reason that you are so completely unprepared for what I have to say, I have hesitated to broach the subject sooner. Indeed, I hesitate now, and even wish it were possible to avoid it altogether. The matter (hem) on which I came to speak with you is in regard to the property which my poor unfortunate brother left."

"Yes," Armina answered; "what about it, pray?"

"Well, as I said, Miss," George continued, with sham reluctance, "it is a subject that one approaches with a feeling of delicacy; but still it is a matter of duty, and however much I dislike to speak out I feel that I must. I, being the nearest of kin to my brother, am, of course, his legal heir; and (hem) his property would, as a matter of course, come to me. That, you evidently know, is the law the country over. Where there is no wife, no children, and no will, the property goes to the brothers and sisters, and in this case it would come to me, because there are no sisters and no other brother."

Armina was completely astonished by this statement, because it was something she had never thought of, even remotely. She had never dreamed of the possibility of any one disputing her right to John Blackmore's property, and though everything else was lost to her, she had always felt secure in a home and shelter. Whatever her sufferings were mentally, and God knows they were enough, she had never had a fear of experiencing the pains of physical want. For a moment she was silent, knowing not what to say, but at last she decided to make a bold stand and proclaim the truth, let the result be what it would.

"Mr. Blackmore," she said, "you say you are entitled to this property under the law because there is no wife or child to claim it?"

"Yes, ma'am, that is the law," he replied.

"But if there was a child?" she questioned.

"Oh, if there was a child it would be entirely different, of course."

"And that child could keep everything in spite of everybody?"

"Certainly."

"Then, Mr. Blackmore, there is a child. I am John Blackmore's daughter."

"By adoption, only, and not legally adopted, either, so that does not make you his heir."

"You are mistaken, sir. I am John Blackmore's own child, and I have the evidence in his own writing and over his own signature to prove it."

If Armina had expected to crush George Blackmore with this statement she was mistaken in her calculations. It did not disturb or ruffle him in the least—did not diminish his smile or affect his suavity and blandness.

"Truth compels me to say, Miss," he replied, "that it is you who are mistaken. I do not dispute your word in the least, and if you say you have a paper setting forth from my brother the statement you make, I am bound to admit that you have it. But at the same time I must say that my brother was laboring under a misconception of the facts. You are not his daughter, however much he may have thought you were, and I can establish that fact beyond a doubt."

Armina was silent for a little while, and as she sat with her eyes fixed on the floor, thinking the matter all over, a change came over her and her features that had been clouded with doubt and fear suddenly cleared up and a light that made her almost radiant and happy broke over them.

"Oh!" she cried, "are you sure, are you sure of what you say?"

"I am, certainly," he answered, looking at her in wonder and doubt. He could not comprehend why she should undergo such a marked change at that time, and especially why she should become so wildly elated. There was certainly, so far as he could see, no reason for her to feel a thrill of happiness, and he began to think his announcement had crazed her.

"Oh!" she cried, "wringing her hands and coming nearer him, "can it be possible that you speak the truth? Oh, I can not believe it, I can not, I can not! There must be a mistake. There surely is a mistake some where. It seems too good to be true!"

"There is no mistake, I assure you. You need have no fears of that," he said. "But I—I do not understand, Miss, why you should take my announcement like this. You perplex me. Why should you rejoice to know that you are not John Blackmore's daughter, when that knowledge costs you everything you possess of his?"

"Oh, you don't know, you can't know what that knowledge means for me. What is this property? What would all the property in the world be to me in comparison to the joy of knowing that I am not John Blackmore's child. Only prove that to me so there can be no doubt, and you make me happier than I have been for years. Only prove that and I will gladly go out into the world penniless, and earn my own living by hard work."

"There will be no difficulty about the proof," George Blackmore replied. "It is all at hand and can be produced within an hour if need be. But I can not understand why you should rejoice at the prospect. It seems to me there is no reason in it for you to be glad."

"You don't know what reason there is in it. But that doesn't matter. Produce your proof."

George Blackmore was so sorely puzzled at the turn affairs had taken that he almost lost his cool-headedness. It was some little time before he spoke, and what he said then was not to the purpose at all; but it was a part of what he had prepared to say before he came.

"I have delayed bringing this matter up," he said, "hoping that my son's suit might prove successful. Had you listened to him and given him your hand in marriage there would have been no occasion for this trouble. But as it is——"

"But as it is," she interrupted, "you make me the happiest of women. You strip me of all earthly wealth, but you leave me a heavenly gratification in its stead. You do not, you can not comprehend what a heavy burden you roll from my soul."

"I admit that I do not," George answered, "but to talk to the purpose. Shall this affair be adjusted quietly and secretly, or shall it be brought into the courts?"

"I must consult my lawyer about that," she replied. "I will send and summon him here now if you are ready to meet him. I want it all over with as quick as possible, for I feel that I shall neither eat nor sleep until it is settled."

"Very well," he answered, "send for your lawyer and I will send for mine. I will also secure my evidence, and be ready to state and establish my case. Within an hour I will return."

"Very well," she said, unconsciously repeating his words. "Within an hour I shall be ready."

He bowed himself out with Chesterfieldian politeness and hurried off down the street puzzling over what he chose to term Armina's unaccountably queer behavior.

"I had fully expected a storm of bitter reproaches and a flood of tears," he mused, "but instead of that she goes wild with joy and makes it appear that I am doing her the greatest favor of her life. I can't understand it. It is clear beyond me."

CHAPTER XIII.

AN ENGAGEMENT.

"Oh, Hester," Armina cried, bursting in on the old lady, and throwing her arms about her neck, 'I never was so happy, so happy. After all I am not John Blackmore's daughter. I am not Walter's sister. No, Hester, not Walter's sister, but his wife."

"Armina," Hester said, "what do you mean?"

"Just what I say, Hester. After all, I had a right to marry Walter, for we are not related."

"How do you know these things?" Hester asked.

"I have learned it all from George Blackmore. He came to claim John Blackmore's property, and last night he brought the evidence to prove that I am not John Blackmore's daughter, and had no right to the property. I had a lawyer there, and when he heard the proof of George Blackmore's assertion, he acknowledged it true, and advised me not to fight the case. So we give up the property, Hester, and we will be quite poor, but who minds that when I know I am not the wife of my own brother. Oh, Hester, Hester, that thought has been terrible to bear, and sometimes when it has come over me suddenly I have felt that I should sink under it. But now I am free of that dread thought. I had a right to be Walter's wife, and our child had a right to be his child and mine."

Hester was completely stupefied at first by Armina's statement, but finally she comprehended the meaning of it all, and after she had considered and mentally digested it, she said:

"Armina, how does George Blackmore prove that you are not John's child?"

"Easy enough. John Blackmore's child, when its mother died, was left in charge of a woman, who at a certain time was to convey it here. George Blackmore, though he don't admit it, and though there is no positive proof against him, worked himself into the good graces of the woman, knowing that she had his brother's child under her charge. In order to revenge himself on John, and at the same time punish him, he had a child from a foundlings' home sent here in place of the one that should have come. I am the child from the foundlings' home. The other, which the woman kept, died soon after, but whether by foul means or not I don't know."

Hester listened to the story in astonishment, but she made no observation during its recital, and none at its close. After a long pause she simply said:

"Well, the Lord's will be done."

A day or two later Armina consulted her lawyer again, and when she mentioned to him that she was Walter's wife he advised her to contest the possession of the property.

"As his widow," he said, "you can retain possession in spite of fate."

She consented, but when it came to making an investigation, it was found that no proof of the marriage could be adduced. There was no record of it, and the minister who had performed the ceremony was not to be found, and Charlie Marston, the only other person present on the occasion, was gone, no one knew where. So, in the end, nothing could be made of that.

Armina gave up the old mansion, and, accompanied by Hester, went away to a small interior town. She took a cheap cottage, and as she must earn her own living now, she arranged to conduct a small select school in one room of her home. It was work to which she was unused, but she readily adapted herself to it, as she did to all the changes in her circumstances, and no matter how weary she grew of her continuous round of onerous duties, she patiently went forward, doing the best she could for herself and those for whom she labored.

One night when the work of the day was done Armina sat with Hester on the small veranda that circled the front of the cottage. It was a warm, quiet, restful night, and for a long time they remained silent, each busy with thoughts of her own. Finally, with a sigh, Armina said:

"If we had only known the truth in time, Hester, how differently it might all be now."

"Aye, indeed," Hester replied, sadly. "How different. Two lives might have been spared to us, and a world of pain and suffering avoided. What a terrible mistake, and what sorrow and misery it has caused us!"

"Yes, too true, too true," Armina agreed. "I know the truth, and that is a source of great joy and comfort to me, but I have lost Walter; and what is life worth to me without him? More than two years have gone by since his death, but I have never lost one particle of my love for him. I love him now, better, I believe, than I loved him then. But he is lost to me forever, all through that terrible mistake which caused his father's death and then his own. Ah, Hester, if we could only have known the truth in time!"

"But we did not, Armina; and we should resolve to bear as best we can with the crosses and tangles of life. God in his infinite wisdom does all things for the best, and if we are required to bear burdens of sorrow, we should understand that they come from seeds of our planting, or of the planting of our fathers and mothers. Remember that the scriptures say that 'the sins of the parent shall descend to the children through three generations,' and in this case, my child, John Blackmore's sin has cast its blighting effect, not only on his child, but on you. But be brave, dear Armina, and live in the hope of a day of recompense at last."

"Aye, that is well said, Hester; but how can I hope for a recompense for my sorrow? Where can I turn in quest of light? Without Walter I can never know happiness, and I can never have him again. Never, never."

Hester was silent, and apparently very thoughtful, for almost a minute. There was something in her mind that she earnestly longed to speak out, but she hesitated to give it utterance yet. She would not for the world raise false hopes in Armina's bosom, for the poor soul had enough to bear already. After waiting a long time she said:

"I was surprised to see Charlie back so soon. I had supposed he was going to remain away for years."

"Yes; I supposed so," Armina answered, but without making any comment.

"It was real kind of him," Armina said. Then, after a pause, she went on. "Hester," she said, "yesterday Charlie Marston asked me to marry him."

"Yes," Hester replied, "and you——"

"And I consented, Hester."

"Yes," Hester said, with not the least bit of surprise or emotion.

"I consented," Armina resumed, "but I told him all the secret of my life, and I told him that I could not give him my love—that my heart was with Walter, and that though death had separated us forever, I loved him and would continue to love him so long as I lived. But I like Charlie Marston, Hester, because he has always been good and generous, and he is almost my only friend. So I told him that if he was willing to take me, knowing everything, I would become his wife."

Hester, sedate and undemonstrative old soul though she was, came to Armina and threw her arms about her.

"Oh, I'm so glad, so glad," she cried. "There never was a better man than Charlie Marston, and even if you can't love him now he'll win you to it sooner or later. He is so good, so pure and so noble that you won't be able to help it."

Armina shook her head.

"I wish it might prove that you are right, Hester," she said, "for Charlie Marston is all you say he is, and he deserves to be loved; but, alas, I know it can never be. I shall always like him above every other living soul, but I shall never love him."

"You think now that you never shall, but you know time works great changes in people's hearts, as well as in everything else."

"Yes; but it will never work a change in my affections. Never. My love for Walter will never grow less, and as long as I live he will hold that sacred place in my heart which I gave him long ago. No one, no matter how good and kind he is, can ever approach that sacred place."

Hester sighed.

"Poor child!" she said. "It is a sad thing to think of your going through life with your heart burdened with an undying sorrow. Oh, if Walter was only alive!"

"Ah, yes, Hester, if Walter was only alive!"

Further chapters of this extraordinary story will appear in the Ledger of next week. To every subscriber we are still sending our free cameras and free patterns as stated on pages thirteen and fifteen.

What's the Odds?

The Mistress—Why, Nora, how dare you wear a hat just like mine?

The Maid—Oh, I ain't pertickler. I'll wear any old thing.

A Terrible Explosion, Truly.

A rural reader of the Carthage (Mo.) Press has handed it the following which took place lately near Carthage: "A terable explosion happened to a farmer, grate damadge. He threw his hog some corn and by some means there was a stick of powder mixed up with the corn and the hog eat the powder, and the hog went into the barn where the mule was and the mule kicked the hog and the powder exploded and killed the mule and the hog and blew the barn to pieces, the last he saw of the mule an' hog was going toward Carthage."

Why Lucy Was Worried.

"What is Lucy worried about?"

"Oh, she doesn't know whom she will have give her away at her wedding."

"She ought to do it herself; I've heard her give herself away a half dozen times."

Liver and Kidneys

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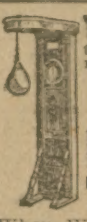

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His Opinion.

"Wot do youse t'ink uv dis?" queried Weary Walker, who was perusing a piece of newspaper that had come to him with a handout. "Here's er story 'bout one uv dem temp'rance agertaters gittin' de jimmies from drinkin' soft drinks."

"Ercordin' ter dat," replied Tired Tatters, "mebby de temp'rance life ain't so worse as dey says it is."

The Story of Phoebe Snow.

If you have ever taken a summer railroad trip you will enjoy the "Story of Phoebe Snow," which describes in a series of dainty pictures the experiences of a pretty girl who went to Buffalo. The illustrations are in seven colors, each reproducing a design of the girl in white which the Lackawanna Railroad has made so familiar in the last few months. The booklet has a particularly pleasing cover and will afford considerable amusement beside giving information which every traveler ought to know. It will be sent in response to request accompanied by two cents in stamps to T. W. Lee, General Passenger Agent, New York City.

He Lost Out.

"On our wedding day," said the sad-eyed man with the ingrowing hair, "I said to my wife: 'The first thing on the program is to settle who is going to be boss.'"

"And did you settle it?" asked the inquisitive person.

"No; I didn't," admitted the victim of his own suggestion. "She settled it."

A Fine Kidney Remedy.

Mr. A. S. Hitchcock, East Hampton, Conn. (The Clothier), says if any sufferer from Kidney and Bladder Disease will write him he will direct them to the perfect home cure he used. He makes no charge whatever for the favor

He Quit Winner.

"I hope, sir," said the long-haired passenger, "that you do not gamble."

"I never gambled but once," answered the prosperous-looking traveler.

"And you lost?" queried the l. h. p.

"Not exactly," replied the party of the second part. "I won a wife worth half a million in the matrimonial game."

TO MAKE ONE TYPEWRITER EVERY MINUTE.

The immense additions to the Remington typewriter factory at Ilion, N. Y., have been practically completed. The aim of these enlargements is to provide for the production of one typewriter a minute, a figure which the sales of the Remington typewriter is rapidly approaching.

The Whyness.

"I suppose," said Mrs. Mixer, "my reputation as a breadmaker is due to the practice I have had. I am the mother of seven boys, you know."

"Yes," rejoined Mrs. Catchington, "and my reputation as a matchmaker is doubtless due to the fact that I am the mother of nine daughters."

Mystifying a Kentucky Audience.

Colonel Kaintuck—Talking about sleight-of-hand, the most mysterious trick I ever saw was in a little town down in Kentucky. The man wasn't a professional, either, but just a bright young fellow who had a genius for such things. He took a glass of water and held it up before us all, and then we threw a big tablecloth over him. In two minutes he threw off the cloth, and there was the glass empty; yes, sir, not a drop in it.

Friend—Perhaps he drank it.

Colonel Kaintuck—By Jove! Maybe he did. Never thought of it.

Same Old Plaint.

"Drat the luck!" growled Samson.

"What's the matter, dear?" asked Delilah.

"Been cleaning house again, ain't you?" queried the champion heavyweight lifter.

"Why, yes," she answered. "I——"

"Oh, of course," interrupted the victim of circumstances, "and my hair tonic seems to have been hopelessly lost in the shuffle."

Choking Him Off.

"There's no use talking," began old man Growells as he sat opposite Mrs. Growells the second at the dinner table, "my first wife's cooking——"

"That will be about all from you, Mr. Growells," interrupted his present other half. "Never let me hear you speak disrespectfully of the dead."

Caught on the Rebound.

"No," said the fair proprietor of the refrigerator heart, "I cannot be your wife, but I'll be a sister to you."

"Thanks, awfully," rejoined the youth who was left at the post. "If there is one thing I need more than another it is an elderly sister to look after me and prevent me from making a fool of myself."

It Would Seem So.

"I suppose," remarked the cabin passenger, "there is more gambling on ocean steamers in summer than there is in winter."

"Yes," replied the captain, "but there are not so many cold decks."

As Compared.

"No, thank you," said the bartender, in response to the invitation of a customer to join him, "I'm like a mosquito."

"How's that?" queried the bibulous party.

"I never drink behind the bar," answered he of the white apron.

Heard in the Hotel.

The Trunk—I heard that you were full again last night.

The Valise—That's right. By the way, will you stand for a light touch?

The Trunk—Not me; I'm strapped.

Matter of Family.

"My great-grandfather," said the aristocratic society bud, "was a Virginia Baker."

"And mine," rejoined the matter-of-fact young man, "was a Philadelphia butcher."

Dregs in the Cup.

Blinks—Well, old man, I hear you are installed in your new house at last.

Jinks—Yes; and the installment man is beginning to get his work in.

A FAMILY TALK.

"Papa, I don't like to hurt your feelings, but it always makes me angry when folks say I resemble you so much."

"Don't worry, daughter. I get tolerably mad about it, too."

Spinster Novelist (in background)—Ah! Now I shall get a lover's talk for my new novel.

He (peering into Phyllis' eyes)—Dear, is my stye getting any bigger?

A Lawyer in Luck.

The Hon. Joseph H. Choate, at a dinner recently given in his honor by a well-known club, said: "My elation here tonight is great. It is as great as it was on the occasion of my first lawsuit. That was a happy time. I remember that I had sat brooding and idle. The afternoon was gray. The law as a career seemed hopeless. Suddenly there was a caller, and an excellent case offered me by a wealthy man. An hour after I got my second case. It was incredible. Two cases, my first two cases, and both given to me the same day! How I worked that night over my two cases! How I thought about them as I walked officeward with my green bag the next morning! I remember that a shabby person, accosting me as I walked, said:

"'Old clothes? Any old clothes to sell?' He seemed to be regarding the green baize bag.

"I held it up. 'Oh, no,' said I, 'no old clothes, my friend! Two new suits!'"

How It Happened.

"Yes'm," said the unwashed nomad, "you ain't makin' no mistake in thinkin' I hev seen better days. Onct I lived in er house uv granite, and——"

"And how did you happen to lose such a home?" asked the kind lady.

"'Twus like dis, ma'am," replied the hobo. "Me term expired and dey turned me out."

Information Wanted.

"When woman is the acknowledged intellectual peer of man," said the lady with the square chin, "I wonder if there will be such a thing as love?"

"Why not?" queried the scanty-haired bachelor, "what has love got to do with intellect?"

Cause and Effect.

"A young man should never make the mistake of calling on a girl when he has been drinking," said the moralizer.

"That's right," rejoined the demoralizer. "Many a young man has become hopelessly engaged in just that way."

His Son Was "It."

"Everybody," said the home-grown philosopher, "wants to get something for nothing."

"Which reminds me," remarked the elderly gentleman, "that I must get a birthday present for my 19-year-old son."

Hard Times Brilliancy.

Bride (disconsolately)—Half my wedding presents are cheap plated things.

Mother—Never mind, my dear; no one will suspect it. I have hired two detectives to make themselves conspicuous watching them.

Possible Explanation.

Tomdix—They tell me that Bluffkins hasn't a dollar to his name.

Hojax—That accounts for it.

Tomdix—Accounts for what?

Hojax—His inability to get any girl to accept it.

Some Excuse.

Purchaser—You said this horse was afraid of nothing. He just shied at a woman on a bicycle.

Dealer—Oh, well, perhaps she had on a divided skirt.

Willing to Try It.

Tramp—Please, mum, my partner found an old ice-cream freezer down in the gully.

Housekeeper—I threw it away. It was no use.

Tramp—Well, we've been examinin' it, and if you'll lend us some cream and some ice and some sugar and flavoring, and send your boy down to turn it, I think we can make it do.

Makes a Big Difference.

Mr. Timmidd—How would a girl feel if she received a proposal by letter?

Friend—If she didn't care for you, she'd feel insulted.

Mr. Timmidd—Um—well—er—suppose she did care for me?

Friend—She'd say "yes" by telegraph.

Had a Girl, Though.

Friend—I thought you had a girl.

Mrs. Suburb—I have.

Friend—But you are doing the work?

Mrs. Suburb—Yes; the girl is a consumptive and was ordered into the country for her health. We couldn't get any other kind to come here.

Human Nature Triumphs.

Historian—Why have the Quakers so nearly disappeared?

Observer—The girls married outsiders who would buy them pretty bonnets, and the boys married girls who wore pretty bonnets.

Calm Before the Storm.

Husband (reading)—This paper says that the greatness of a father often proves a stumbling block to the advancement of his children.

Wife—Well, thank fortune, our children will never be handicapped in that way.

All in the Family.

He—Will you be my wife?

She—Certainly not.

He—Then will you grant me one favor?

She—What is it?

He—Be a mother to me. Father is going to propose to you tonight.

Gas Not Needed.

Dentist—What! You don't want gas? You insisted upon having gas the last time.

Victim—You haven't been eating onions this time.

One Comfort.

Struggling Poet (gloomily)—All my verses have been sent back.

Wife—Well, I wouldn't worry, dear. They pay so little when they accept them that it does not matter much.

Much the Same.

Winks—Have you been to see the "Living Pictures?"

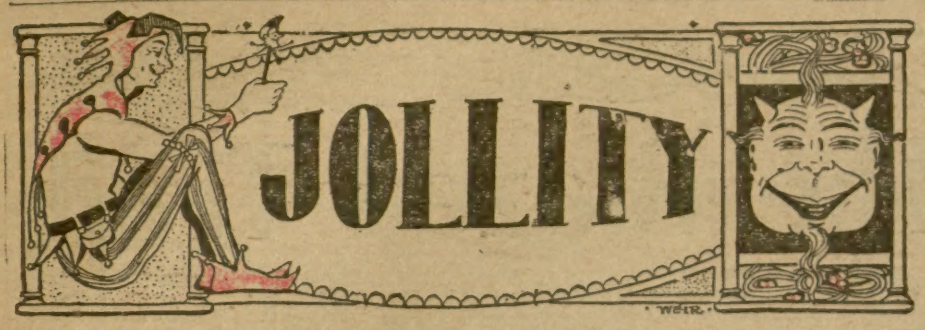
Jinks—No; but I am going to a seaside resort.

Sure to Please Him.

Wife—Let's go to the Sunday concert.

Husband—Um—I'm afraid I won't like it.

Wife—Yes, you will; the music isn't religious at all; it's real wicked.



Very Drunk.

Magistrate—How do you know this gentleman was drunk when you arrested him?

Policeman—He was talking about his wife and he said she didn't care what sort of dresses she had so long as she was comfortable, and she didn't get mad about the furniture when the neighbors had better, and she didn't care for a fine house, and didn't want a carriage, and she would rather do her own housework than bother with servants.

Good Material Wasted.

Winks—These "L" guards ought to be disciplined—always yelling at people to "step lively," "hurry up," "get a move on," and so forth.

Jinks—They never bother me any.

"Eh? Don't they yell at you to step faster?"

"Never."

"Say, old boy, you ought to train for a sprinter."

Decidedly in Doubt.

First Villager—How do you like your new neighbor?

Second Villager—Can't tell whether I like him or hate him.

"Why so?"

"The first thing he did was to put up a high board fence, and I haven't been able to discover whether it is to keep his chickens in or my chickens out."

A Glorious Victory.

Mrs. De Style—I've got ahead of Mrs. De Fashion at last.

Husband—How?

Mrs. De Style—At Mrs. De Fashion's last party two of the guests fainted; but at my grand reception last night the crush was so great that six of the ladies had to be carried out, and one had to have a doctor.

A Permanent Attraction.

Clara—Are you not afraid that some one will marry you for your money?

Dora—I would rather be married for money than for beauty.

Clara—Of all things! Why?

Dora—Beauty fades, but money can be kept at interest.

No Cruelty.

Traveler—Yes; I was captured by the savages, and sentenced to marry a squaw.

Hostess—Horrible!

Traveler—Yes; but they had some mercy. They did not insist on a fashionable wedding.

A Spoiled Public.

Boy—Paper, sir?

Uptodate—Well, I don't know. Have you any paper that prints coupons which you can take to the office next day and exchange for a fresh paper?

An American Amusement.

Friend—Now that you have made millions, what will you do?

Old Bullion—I shall retire and amuse myself telling people what a burden wealth is, and how happy I was when I was poor.

The Unknowable.

Binks—Winkers is a great friend of yours, isn't he?

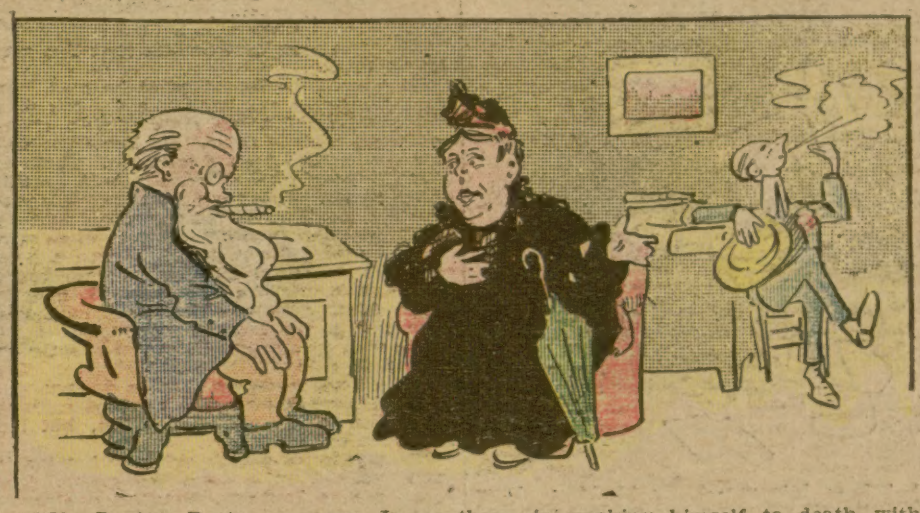
Jinks (a man of the world)—Can't say. I haven't had to borrow any money since I knew him.

The American Climate.

Visitor—What sort of weather did you have here this time last year?

Native—Wall, really now, I don't just remember whether it was a drought or a flood.

NO ALTERNATIVE



"Oh, Doctor, Doctor, my son James, there, is smoking himself to death with cigarettes. What shall I do?"

"You'll have to be satisfied with that, madam; the courts will not allow you to shoot him.

A Disagreeable Habit.

Old Grumps—Sure that girl loves you instead of your money?

Son—Absolutely! Why, she actually keeps count of the kisses I give her.

Old Grumps—Hum! That's bad. She may keep it up after marriage.

Had Thought It Out.

First Tramp—I wonder why it is that poor folks is always more willing to help us than rich folks?

Second Tramp—People that don't mind givin' things away is the ones that stays poor.

Before and After.

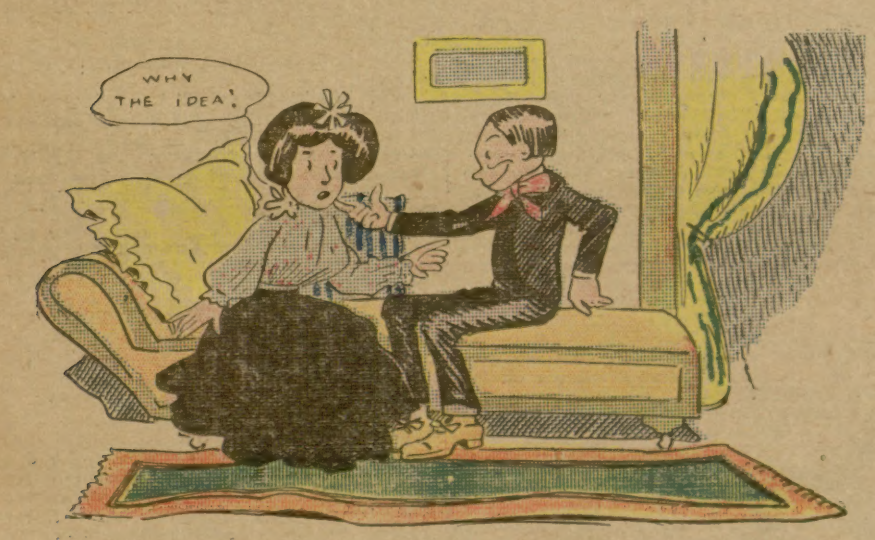
Friend—Why do you call your work a trade instead of an art?

Artist—Oh, I did call it an art before I began to make a living at it.

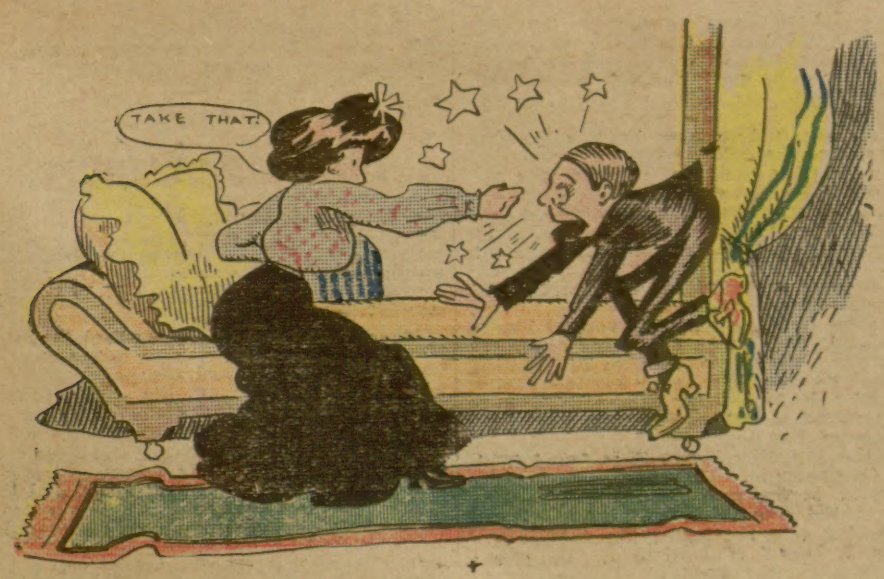
Due Later.

"Has my wife alluded to me as a buried treasure yet?" queried the shade of the man who had materialized at the seance.

"No," replied the medium, "she hasn't yet found her second husband."



1. Young Mr. Freshe—Ah! I just love black eyes——



2. Miss Atha Lettick—So? There's one for you, Mr. Freshe—I hope you'll like it.

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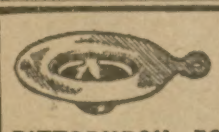

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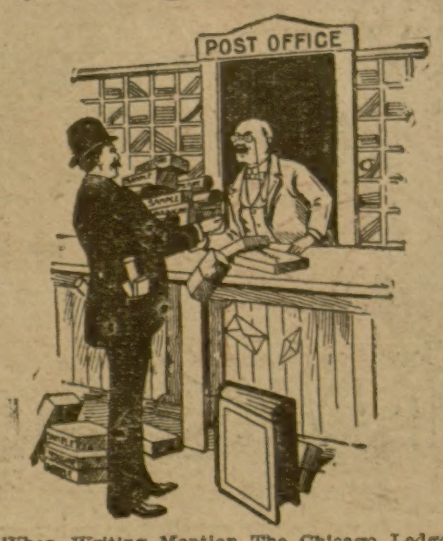

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Items of Interest.

It is said that a single grain of gold, after having been converted into gold leaf, will cover forty-six square inches.

Explorers have reached within 238 miles of the North Pole, but no one has yet approached nearer than 772 miles of the South Pole.

An electrical gridiron has been devised to kill flies. It stands vertically, and the moment a fly alights upon it death ensues from electric shock. The dead fly drops onto a horizontal shelf underneath.

Some of the healthiest and most gracefully formed people of Europe are the gypsies of Hungary. They are rarely ill, their cheeks are rose-tinted, and so pure is their blood that their wounds quickly heal without the application of medicaments.

A law recently enacted by the Legislature of Louisiana punishes with imprisonment and hard labor husbands who desert or fail to support their wives and children. The wives of lazy husbands hang over the mantel a framed copy of the law, with this query in red ink, "Now Will You Be Good?"

A curious superstition prevails in the highlands of Scotland, that if a cat be carried in a cart, and the wind blow from it to the horses, the latter immediately tire; and if any part of the driver's clothing be made from catskin, the horses will feel as if they were drawing a double burden.

A dentist in Moscow is a wonder in his line. He has invented a system by which false teeth can be made to adhere to the gums so firmly that in three months it is difficult to extract them. This Russian tooth-grafter hopes in time to be able to rival nature by making artificial grinders that ache.

Reflections of a Bachelor.

Very few men are clever enough to lie well, yet they all keep trying it.

Some men are so generous they give their wives liberal allowances and then win it back from them at poker.

A woman gets as furious with the woman who won't admire her husband as she gets jealous of the one who does.

Because a man goes around in public babbling for the rights of his fellow men is no proof that at home he doesn't sleep on his wife's pillow as well as his own.

When a girl is being taken to Europe to make her forget somebody her family doesn't want her to marry, it is just when she has decided she could never notice any other man, even if she remained single all her life, that she begins to wonder why some chap is looking at her in such an interesting way.

Mutual Confidences.

"I had a beard like yours once; but when I realized how it made me look, I had it cut off."

"And I had a face like yours once, and when I realized that I couldn't have it cut off I raised the beard."

Revolutionary Giants.

The biggest officer in the Revolutionary War was Colonel Swift, who weighed 319 pounds. General Washington weighed 209 during his campaigns. General Benjamin Lincoln, who surrendered Charleston to Sir Henry Clinton and afterward accepted the sword of General Cornwallis at Yorktown, was of 224 pounds avoirdupois. General Henry Knox weighed 208 pounds, and was as light on his feet as a kitten, says the New York Press. Colonel Michael Jackson, who had five brothers and five sons in the war, and who at the battle of Bunker Hill killed a British soldier in a personal encounter, weighed 252 pounds. General Winfield Scott, old "Fuss and Feathers," was the most imposing of all the illustrious soldiers of the nineteenth century. His was a more imposing presence than Washington's. He fell "off his weight" at less than 285.

Explaining to Aunt Jane.

Aunt Jane—They tell me you took fifty dollars of Mr. Young's money at the card table last night. I did not know that you ever gambled.

Nephew—That wasn't gambling, Auntie. Young was quite elated at the hand he held, and I bet with him merely to give him a lesson not to trust too much to appearances.

Aunt Jane—Oh, that was it, was it? I thought you wouldn't be so wicked as to gamble.

Merely Player.

"I," said the stern-faced young man at the bar, "I am not an 'actor' at all, I'm a 'player.'"

As he went out of the room the man with the Panama hat looked after him and said: "Who is that vaudeville banjo player?"

Rothschild's Maxims.

The following twelve maxims form part of the will of Mayer Anselm Rothschild, the founder of the great banking house at Frankfort. They are now attracting attention in Europe and are recommended to those who desire to succeed in life:

1. Seriously ponder over and thoroughly examine any project to which you intend to give your attention.
2. Reflect a long time, then decide promptly.
3. Go ahead.
4. Endure annoyances patiently and fight bravely against obstacles.
5. Consider honor as a sacred duty.
6. Never lie about a business affair.
7. Pay your debts promptly.
8. Learn how to sacrifice money when necessary.
9. Do not trust too much to luck.
10. Spend your time profitably.
11. Do not pretend to be more important than you really are.
12. Never become discouraged, work zealously and you will surely succeed.

Some Correspondence.

1. "Mme. Minerva—Dear Madam: How can I attract attention and git into society? I want to soar from my lowly state.

"Beryl."

2. "Beryl: Tone and style are imperative. Cultivate an aristocratic pose at all times. Learn to control your hands and feet. Be graceful. Mme. Minerva."

Might Palliate the Wrong.

It is said that Archbishop Ryan of Philadelphia may be made a cardinal.

This prelate has a delightful humor. His gentle and wise witticisms make Philadelphia laugh often.

A very young girl one day said to him:

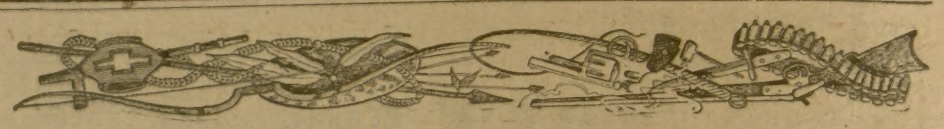
"I have been told, sir, that a touch of rouge heightens a woman's charms wonderfully; but I have also been told that to use rouge is wrong. Will you give me your opinion on this matter?"

"Some," said the archbishop, "hold that there is nothing pernicious in a little rouge, while others regard the use of this cosmetic as vulgar. To me it seems best to steer a middle course between those two opinions, and I would advise you, therefore, to use rouge upon one cheek only."

Of Course.

She—Did your father live to a green old age?

He—Sure. He was swindled several times after he was 75.



The Blazed Trail;

Or, Struggling for Gold

BY STEWART EDWARD WHITE.

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Begun in No. 38, Sept. 19. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be procured from news stands, or our agents, or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER XXXV.—Continued.

Daly traced a line with his toe.

"The first man that crosses that line gets it," said he.

They knew he meant what he said. An instant's pause ensued, while the big man and the little faced a mob. Daly's rivermen were still on drive. He knew the mill men too well to depend on them. Truth to tell, the possibility of such a raid as this had not occurred to him; for the simple reason that he did not anicipate the discovery of his complicity with the forces of nature. Skilfully carried out, the plan was a good one. No one need know of the weakened link, and it was the most natural thing in the world that Sadler & Smith's drive should go out with the increase of water.

The men grouped swiftly and silently on the other side of the sawdust line. The pause did not mean that Daly's defense was good. I have known of a crew of striking mill men being so bluffed down, but not such men as these.

"Do you know what's going to happen to you?" said a voice from the group. The speaker was Radway, but the contractor kept himself well in the background. "We're going to burn your mill; we're going to burn your yards; we're going to burn your whole shooting match, you low-lived whelp!"

"Yes; and we're going to string you to your own trestle!" growled another voice, harshly.

"Dyer," said Indian Charley, simply, shaking the wet scalp arm's length toward the lumbermen.

At this grim interruption a silence fell. The owner paled slightly; his foreman chewed a nonchalant straw. Down the still deserted street crossed and recrossed the subtle occult influences of a half-hundred concealed watchers. Daly and his subordinate were very much alone, and very much in danger. Their last hour had come, and they knew it.

With the recognition of the fact, they immediately raised their weapons in the resolve to do as much damage as possible before being overpowered.

Then suddenly, full in the back, a heavy stream of water knocked them completely off their feet, rolled them over on the wet sawdust, and finally jammed them both against the trestle, where it held them, kicking and gasping for breath, in a choking cataract of water. The pistols flew harmlessly into the air. For an instant the Fighting Forty stared in paralyzed astonishment. Then a tremendous roar of laughter saluted this easy vanquishment of a formidable enemy.

Daly and Baker were pounced upon and captured. There was no resistance. They were too nearly strangled for that. Little Solly and old Vanderhoof turned off the water in the fire hydrant and disconnected the hose they had so effectively employed.

"There, damn you!" said Rollway Charley, jerking the mill man to his feet. 'How do you like too much water? Hey?"

The unexpected comedy changed the party's mood. It was no longer a question of killing. A number broke into the store, and shortly emerged, bearing pails of kerosene with which they deluged the slabs on the windward side of the mill. The flames caught the structure instantly. A thousand sparks, borne by the off-shore breeze, fastened like so many stinging insects on the lumber in the yard.

It burned as dried balsam thrown on a camp fire. The heat of it drove the onlookers far back in the village, where in silence they watched the destruction. From behind locked doors the inhabitants watched with them.

The billow of white smoke filled the northern sky. A whirl of gray ashes, light as air, floated on and ever on over Superior. The site of the mill, the squares where the piles of lumber had stood, glowed incandescence over which already a white film was forming.

Daly and his man were slapped and cuffed hither and thither at the men's will. Their faces bled, their bodies ached as one bruise.

"That squares us," said the men. "If we can't cut this year, neither kin you. It's up to you now."

Then, like a destroying horde of locusts, they gutted the office and the store, smashing what they could not carry to the fire. The dwellings and saloons they did not disturb. Finally, about noon, they kicked their two prisoners into the river, and took their way stragglingly back along the right-of-way.

"I surmise we took that town apart some," remarked Shorty, with satisfaction.

"I should rise to remark," replied Kerlie. Big Junko said nothing, but his cavernous little animal eyes glowed with satisfaction. He had been the first to lay hands on Daly; he had helped to carry the petroleum; he had struck the first match; he had even administered the final kick.

At the boarding house they found Wallace Carpenter and Hamilton seated on the veranda. It was now afternoon. The wind had abated somewhat, and the sun was struggling with the still flying seuds.

"Hello, boys," said Wallace, "ben for a little walk in the woods?"

"Yes, sir," replied Hyland, "we——"

"I'd rather not hear," interrupted Wallace. "There's quite a fire over east. I suppose you haven't noticed it."

Hyland looked gravely eastward.

"Sure 'nough," said he.

"Better get some grub," suggested Wallace.

After the men had gone in, he turned to the journalist.

"Hamilton," he began, "write all you know about the drive, and the break, and the rescue, but as to the burning of the mill——"

The other held out his hand.

"Good," said Wallace, offering his own.

And that was as far as the famous Shingleville raid ever got. Daly did his best to collect even circumstantial evidence against the participants, but in vain. He could not even get any one to say that a single member of the village of Carpenter had absented himself from town that morning. This might have been from loyalty, or it might have been from fear of the vengeance the Fighting Forty would surely visit on a traitor. Probably it was a combination of both. The fact remains, however, that Daly never knew surely of but one man implicated in the destruction of his plant. That man was Indian Charley, but Indian Charley promptly disappeared.

After an interval, Tim Shearer, Radway, and Kerlie came out again.

"Where's the boss?" asked Shearer.

"I don't know, Tim," replied Wallace, seriously. "I've looked everywhere. He's gone. He must have been all cut up. I think he went out in the woods to get over it. I am not worrying. Harry has lots of sense. He'll come in about dark."

"Sure!" said Tim.

"How about the boys' stakes?" queried Radway. "I hear this is a bad smash for the firm."

"We'll see that the men get their wages all right," replied Carpenter, a little disappointed that such a question should be asked at such a time.

"All right," rejoined the contractor. "We are all going to need our money this summer."

CHAPTER XXXVI.

Thorpe walked through the silent group of men without seeing them. He had no thought for what he had done, but for the triumphant discovery that he had made in spite of himself.

It was then about six o'clock in the morning. Thorpe passed the boarding house, the store, and the office, to take himself as far as the little open shed that served as a railway station. There he set the semaphore to flag the east-bound train from Duluth. At six-thirty-two, the train happening to be on time, he climbed aboard. He dropped heavily into a seat and stared straight in front of him until the conductor had spoken to him twice.

"Where to, Mr. Thorpe?" he asked.

The latter gazed at him uncomprehendingly.

"Oh! Mackinaw City," he replied, at last.

The act of paying for his fare brought to his consciousness that he had but a little over ten dollars with him. He thrust the change back into his pocket, and took up his contemplation of nothing. The river water dripped slowly from his "cork" boots to form a pool on the car floor. The heavy wool of his short driving trousers steamed in the car's warmth. His shoulders dried in a cloud of vapor. He noticed none of these things, but stared ahead, his gaze vacant, the bronze of his face set in the lines of a brown study, his strong, capable hands hanging purposely between his knees. The ride to Mackinaw City was six hours long, and the train lost some ninety minutes time; but in all this distance Thorpe never altered his pose.

Thorpe descended at Mackinaw City to find that the noon train had gone. He ate a lunch at the hotel, borrowed a hundred dollars from the agent of Louis Sands, a lumberman of his acquaintance; and seated himself rigidly in the little waiting room, there to remain until the nine-twenty that night. When the cars were backed down from the siding, he boarded the sleeper. In the doorway stood a disapproving colored porter.

"You'll fin' the smokin' cah up fo'wu'd, sah," said the latter, firmly barring the way.

"It's generally forward," answered Thorpe.

"This yeah's th' sleeper," protested the functionary. "You pays extry."

"I am aware of it," replied Thorpe, curtly. "Give me a lower."

"Yessah!" acquiesced the darkey, giving way, but still in doubt. He followed Thorpe curiously, peering into the smoking room on him from time to time. A little after twelve his patience gave out. The stolid gloomy man of lower six seemed to intend sitting up all night.

"Yo' berth is ready, sah," he delicately suggested.

Thorpe arose obediently, walked to lower six and without undressing, threw himself on the bed. Afterward the porter in conscientious discharge of his duty, looked diligently beneath the seat for boots to polish. Happening to glance up, after fruitless search, he discovered the boots still adorning the feet of their owner.

"Well, for th' lands sake!" ejaculated the scandalized negro, beating a hasty retreat.

He was still more scandalized when, the following noon, his strange fare brushed by him without bestowing the expected tip.

Thorpe descended at Twelfth street in Chicago without any clear notion of where he was going. For a moment he faced the

long park-like expanse of the lake front, then turned sharp to his left and picked his way south up the interminable reaches of Michigan avenue. Block after block he clicked along, the caulks of his boots striking fire from the pavement. Some people stared at him a little curiously. Others merely glanced in his direction, attracted more by the expression of his face than the peculiarity of his dress. At that time rivermen were not an uncommon sight along the water front.

After an interval he seemed to have left the smoke and dirt behind him. The street became quieter. Boarding houses and tailors' shops ceased. Here and there appeared a bit of lawn, shrubbery, flowers. The residences established an uptown crescendo of magnificence. Policemen seemed trimmer, better-gloved. Occasionally he might have noticed in front of one of the sandstone piles a besilvered pair champing before a stylish vehicle. By and by he came to himself to find that he was staring at the deep-carved lettering in a stone horse-block before a large dwelling.

His mind took the letters in one after the other, perceiving them plainly before it accorded them recognition. Finally he had completed the word "Farrand." He whirled sharp on his heel, mounted the broad, white stone step, and rang the bell.

It was answered almost immediately by a clean-shaven, portly and dignified man with the most impassive countenance in the world. The man looked upon Thorpe with lofty disapproval.

"Is Miss Hilda Farrand at home?" he asked.

"I can not say," replied the man. "If you will step to the back door, I will ascertain."

"The flowers will do. Now see that the south room is ready, Annie," floated a voice from within.

Without a word, but with a deadly earnestness, Thorpe reached forward, seized the astonished servant by the collar, yanked him bodily outside the door, stepped inside, and strode across the hall toward a closed portiere whence had come the voice. The riverman's long spikes cut little triangular pieces from the hardwood floor. Thorpe did not notice that. He thrust aside the portiere.

Before him he saw a young and beautiful girl. She was seated, and her lap was filled with flowers. At his sudden apparition, her hands flew to her heart, and her lips slightly parted. For a second the two stood looking at each other, just as nearly a year before their eyes had crossed over the old pole trail.

To Thorpe the girl seemed more beautiful than ever. The red of this violent unexpected encounter rushed to her face, her bosom rose and fell in a fluttering catch for breath; but her eyes were steady and inquiring.

Then the butler pounced on Thorpe from behind with the intent to do great bodily harm.

"Morris!" commanded Hilda, sharply, "what are you doing?"

The man cut short his heroism in confusion.

"You may go," concluded Hilda.

Thorpe stood straight and unwinking by the straight portiere. After a moment he spoke.

"I have come to tell you that you were right and I was wrong," said he, steadily. "You told me there could be nothing better than love. In the pride of my strength I told you this was not so. I was wrong."

He stood for another instant, looking directly at her, then turned sharply, and head erect walked from the room.

Before he had reached the outer door the girl was at his side.

"Why are you going?" she asked.

"I have nothing more to say."

"Nothing?"

"Nothing at all."

She laughed happily to herself.

"But I have—much. Come back."

They returned to the little morning room, Thorpe's caulked boots gouging out the little triangular furrows in the hard wood floor. Neither noticed that.

"What are you going to do now?" she catechised, facing him in the middle of the room. A long tendril of her beautiful corn-silk hair fell across her eyes; her red lips parted in a faint, wistful smile; beneath the draperies of her loose gown the pure, slender lines of her figure leaned toward him.

"I am going back," he replied, patiently.

"I knew you would come," said she. "I have been expecting you."

"Oh, Harry," she breathed, with a sudden flash of insight, "you are a man born to be much misunderstood."

He held himself rigid, but in his veins was creeping a molten fire and the fire was beginning to glow dully in his eye. Her whole being called him. His heart leaped, his breath came fast, his eyes swam. He tried to steady himself, and by an effort that left him weak he succeeded. For a moment it seemed to him that he was going to faint.

And still she stood there before him, saying nothing, leaning slightly toward him, her red lips parted, her eyes fixed almost wistfully on his face.

"Go away!" he whispered, hoarsely, at last. The voice was not his own. "Go away! go away!"

Suddenly she swayed to him.

"Oh, Harry! Harry!" she whispered, "must I tell you? Don't you see?"

The flood broke through him. He seized her hungrily. He crushed her to him until she gasped; he pressed his lips against hers until she all but cried out with pain of it; he ran his great brown hands blindly through her hair until it came down about them both a cloud of spun light.

"Tell me!" he whispered, "tell me."

"Oh! oh!" she cried. "Please! What is it?"

"I do not believe it," he murmured, savagely.

She drew herself from him with gentle dignity.

"I am not worthy to say it," she said, soberly, "but I love you with all my heart and soul."

Then for the first and only time in his life Thorpe fell to weeping, while she, understanding, stood by and comforted him.

The few moments of Thorpe's tears eased the emotional strain under which, perhaps unconsciously, he had been laboring for nearly a year past. The tenseness of his nerves relaxed. He savored deliberately the joy of a luxurious couch, rich hangings, polished floor, subdued light, warmed atmosphere. He watched with soul-deep gratitude the soft, girlish curves of Hilda's body, the poise of her flower head, the piquant, half-wistful, half-childish set of her red lips, the clear star-like glimmer of her dusky eyes. It was all near to him; his.

"Kiss me, dear," she said.

She leaned her cheeks against her hand, and her hand against his shoulder.

"I have been reading a story lately," said she, "that has interested me very much. It was about a man who renounced all he held most dear to shield a friend."

"Yes," said Thorpe.

"Then he renounced all his most valuable possessions because a poor, common man needed the sacrifice."

"Sounds like a medieval story," said he, with unconscious humor.

"It happened recently," rejoined Hilda. "I read it in the papers."

"Well," he blazed a good trail," was Thorpe's sighing comment. "Probably he had his chance. We don't all of us get that. Things go crooked and get tangled up, so we have to do the best we can. I don't believe I'd have done it."

"Oh, you are delicious!" she cried.

After a time she said, very humbly: "I want to beg your pardon for misunderstanding you and causing you so much suffering. I was very stupid, and didn't see why you could not do as I wanted you to."

"That is nothing to forgive. I acted like a fool."

"I have known all about you," she went on. "It has all come out in the Telegram. It has been very exciting. Poor boy, you look tired."

He straightened himself out suddenly. "I have forgotten, actually forgotten," he cried a little bitterly. "Why, I am a pauper, a bankrupt, I——"

"Harry," she interrupted, gently, but very firmly, "you must not say what you were going to say. I cannot allow it. Money came between us before. It must not do so again. Am I not right, dear?"

She smiled at him with the lips of a child and the eyes of a woman.

"Yes," he agreed, after a struggle, "you are right. But now I must begin all over again. It will be a long time before I shall be able to claim you. I have my way to make."

"Yes," said she, diplomatically.

"But you!" he cried, suddenly. "The papers remind me. How about that Morton?"

"What about him?" asked the girl, astonished. "He is very happily engaged."

Thorpe's face slowly filled with blood.

"You'll break the engagement at once," demanded Hilda, eyeing him with some alarm.

"You actually don't think he's engaged to me!" she burst out, finally.

"Isn't he?" asked Thorpe.

"Why, no, stupid! He's engaged to Elizabeth Carpenter, Wallace's sister. Now, where did you get that silly idea?"

"I saw it in the paper."

"And you believe all you see! Why didn't you ask Wallace; but, of course, you would not! Harry, you are the most incoherent, dumb old brute I ever saw! I could shake you! You need a wife to interpret things for you. You speak a different language from most people." She said this between laughing and crying, between a sense of the ridiculous uselessness of withholding a single timely word, and a tender, pathetic intuition of the suffering such a nature must endure.

Suddenly she jumped to her feet with an exclamation:

"Oh, Harry, I'd forgotten utterly!" she cried, in laughing consternation. "I have a luncheon here at half-past one! It's almost that now. I must run and dress. Just look at me; just look! You did that!"

"I'll wait here until the confounded thing is over," said Thorpe.

"Oh, no, you won't!" replied Hilda, decidedly. "You are going down town right now and get something to put on. Then you are coming back here to stay."

Thorpe glanced in surprise at his driver's clothes and his spiked boots.

"Heavens and earth!" he exclaimed, "I should think so! How am I to get out without ruining the floor?"

Hilda laughed and drew aside the portiere.

"Don't you think you have done that pretty well already?" she asked. "There, don't look so solemn. We're not going to be sorry for a single thing we've done today, are we?" She stood close to him, searching his face wistfully with her fathomless dusky eyes.

"No, sweetheart; we are not," replied Thorpe, soberly.

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Cold Charity.

"Dis worl' is a-gittin' colder an' colder every day."

"It's a cinch it is, Bill. Wot's wrong now?"

"I meets up wit' a guy wot's tinkerin' wit' a ottermobill dis mornin' an' I asts him ter stake me ter a dime, an' gives him de usual story about havin' ten small children an' not knowin' wot was ter become of dem, an' wot d'ye s'pose he tells me ter do?"

"Tol' yer ter ast fer a gov'ment job, I s'pose?"

"Nit. Sez fer me ter turn 'em out along de road termorrow an' he'll relieve me of all anxiety."

Must Attend to Sister.

There is in a Philadelphia household two little children, a boy and a girl, bright as dollars, but both as full of mischief as it is possible for two healthy children to be. The other night little Bob was in his nightgown on his knees saying his prayers, and his sister could not resist the temptation of tickling his feet. He stood it as long as he could, and then said: "Please, God, excuse me while I 'tend to Sister Nellie."

One Reason Why It Is Heaven.

A missionary in China was endeavoring to convert one of the natives. "Suppose me Christian, me go to Heaven?" remarked Ah Sin. "Yes," replied the missionary. "All right," retorted the heathen, "but what for you no let Chinaman into Australia when you let him into Heaven?" "Ah," said the missionary, with fervor, "there's no labor party in Heaven."

Putting Him Wise.

He (on the beach)—What a pity to go into the water with that pretty bathing suit.

She—Oh, I am not going into the water. This is the suit I take my sun bath in.

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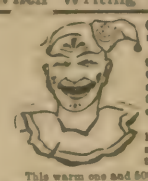

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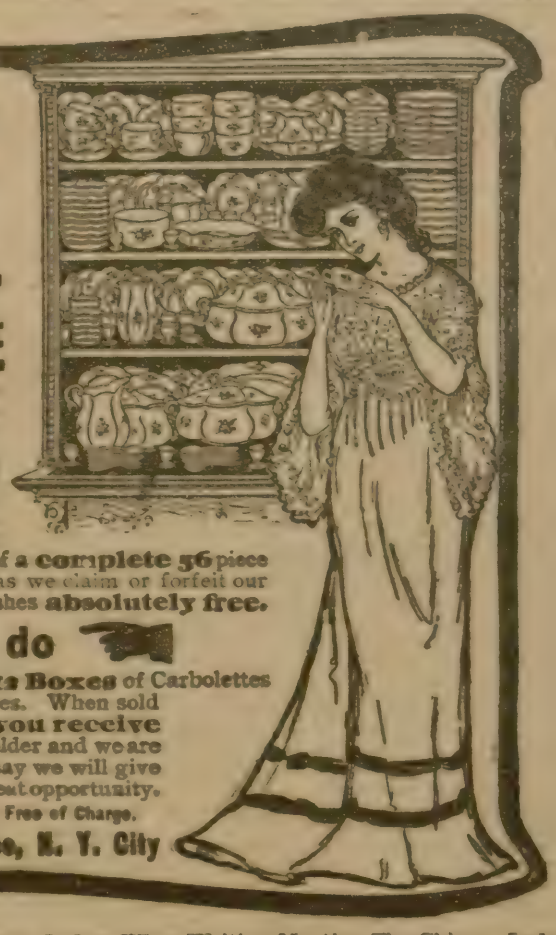

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By St. George Rathborne.

Adrift on a Junk; Or, Boy Sailors of the China Sea.

Begun in No. 29, July 18. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be procured from news stands, or our agents, or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER XXV.

OVERTAKEN AT DAYBREAK.

Fortunately no one was injured on board the junk Half-Moon when the storm of leaden hail broke over the vessel, which result might be set down partly to the poor aim of the yellow chaps manning the pursuing craft, and also to the fact that, obeying Mate Merriwether's warning, every one had dropped to the deck in good time.

The mate was busily engaged loading his tremendous firearm, though doubtless he contemplated the obvious necessity of other discharges with anything but pleasure, after that first awful shock.

"She's sinking!" cried Bob, who was peeping over the rail; but it was not with reference to their own staunch craft he referred, his gaze being riveted on the swift flying boat that had just threatened to overhaul them, and which had been made the recipient of the mate's broadside.

It was true, the pirates not seeming to have practical sense enough to stop the flow of water through the gaping hole torn in her frail side just at the water-line, their whole thought being to save their wretched lives.

Some threw themselves into the sea, forcing others of the boats to slacken their pace in order to pick them up, while more clung along the stern of the stricken corsair, shouting and shrieking for rescue, being possibly unable to swim, though such a thing seemed hardly probable to those who had lived among them for years, and knew what water-ducks they generally were.

At any rate that particular boat need no longer be feared, and was speedily left out of sight, her cargo of excited mariners roaring lustily the while.

Merriwether was now ready for the next move in the game.

Things looked brighter, Julian thought, such are the rapid changes that follow action in such cases, though it was impossible to tell what a single minute might bring forth, and they were as yet far from being out of the woods.

At least the other pursuing junks and proas did not appear to take warning from the fate that had overtaken the stricken craft, for they still came forging ahead, lessening the distance between the fugitive boat and their prows.

"Next!" said Mate Merriwether, grimly, as with a wry movement of his sore shoulder he brought the great gun on a line with the leading pursuer.

Again the crash, sounding like the burst of thunder when the storm is at its height, and Julian, watching for the results, saw that the hole in the side of the other vessel was just a little too high to insure her immediate destruction, for only a small quantity of water was tossed through the gap by her rapid progress. The pirates had been quite as anxious about results, and many necks were craned over the side in the endeavor to find out just how seriously the proa might have been stricken.

When it became patent that the wound was not mortal, such a fierce howl as broke out from the excited ruffians, it fairly made Julian's flesh creep.

By this time Merriwether's blood was up, and he no longer shrank from the pain caused by the recoil of his little pet; hastily he rammed another charge home, and at short quarters proceeded to rip a gaping hole in the other vessel now close upon their side.

The wild-looking figures on her deck evidently thought they should have something to say about this matter, since they were particularly interested, and accordingly it began to rain fire along the side as they popped away with the various weapons apt to fall into the hands of such rapacious freebooters of the China Sea.

As some fellows on other boats persisted in whanging away at longer range, hit or miss, it mattered little to them so long as they made a noise, the scene was rather lively about this time, and the whistle of flying lead about the ears of the valiant mate while he leveled his gingal must have made him think of the flight of wild fowl on many a gloomy morning while he crouched over his decoys and waiting for wary red-heads to come to stool.

Despite all the attention with which he was overwhelmed, Merriwether delivered his fire with great deliberation, and then dropped out of sight, for it was getting pretty warm around that time.

He had had several narrow escapes, one missile tearing the splinters off the rail within a few inches of his head, and another actually clipping a stray lock from his head in its suggestive passage; but strange to say he had not been touched.

This time he delivered the goods, for the water could be seen rushing in through the opening that connected with his first venture, thus insuring the more speedy demolition of the vessel, once she began to lower.

Her crew adopted different tactics from those set by the men on the other stricken craft, their swift overhauling of the Half-Moon inciting them with the belief that they might be able to transfer themselves to the deck of the fugitive craft ere the inrushing tide sent their own boat down.

So they continued to keep straight on, and overhauling the other with sure deliberation.

Bob was dreadfully alarmed, expecting that in another short space of time they would have these murderous scoundrels swarming over their deck, when the end was certain.

Older and wiser heads watched developments, even while keeping under cover all the while, for the leaden hail had not ceased to patter about the deck of the fugitive junk; and both the Captain and the mate were certain a change was impending in the status of affairs.

At the same time they believed it policy to be prepared for emergencies, and a warning was sent out to all along the line to give a warm reception to the first pirate who jumped aboard.

A dozen men hung in the bow of the proa, ready to take the leap, and their appearance, even as seen in the distant glow of the burning village, was something to haunt one for many a moon—some brandishing wicked blades, and others gripped between their white teeth knives which had histories no doubt, if cold steel could speak and unfold its horrors.

Still they were coming up, though not near so swiftly as before, showing that the water that was forced through the hole in the side had begun to tell.

It was a nice calculation, that of deciding whether the proa might come up before the intake of sea water crippled her forward progress.

Not twelve feet between. Julian thought it might be time to commence operations, for surely the sooner they decreased the number of those ugly and merciless rascals the better, since it would be apt to strike terror to their souls; but he held himself grimly in, waiting for those who knew best with regard to such matters to give the word.

That was where the lad proved his wisdom.

Now the proa had ceased to gain; they were running at exactly the same pace, though this could only be momentary, for the vessel that had started to take in a whole ballast of sea water must begin to lose about as soon as she ceased to forge ahead.

The pirates were the first ones to note the fact of her falling off, and evidenced the fact by keenly disgruntled yells; several desperate fellows, as if determined not to be cheated out of their prize, made flying leaps over the gap that still lay between the rival boats, to the surprise and a little admiration of the startled boys, who had not really expected such daring on their part.

The first chap fell short, though his hands clawed the side of the junk when he fell screeching like a maniac into the boiling sea, to be swallowed up in the waves created by the passage of the Half-Moon, and perhaps knocked on the head by the rush of his own craft behind.

Perhaps the other was more of an athlete, for he certainly did bridge the gap existing between the vessels, though none of our friends could ever imagine how the thing had been done; and the next thing they saw was his half-clothed body outlined against the heavens as he clambered aboard.

It was a desperate thing to do, and yet while bluff Mate Merriwether doubtless could admire such an act, being valiant himself, still it was not safe to allow such a viper on board longer than was necessary to tumble him over.

Down went the now useless gingal to the deck, and with a rush he closed in on the Malay, for, of course, the reckless one belonged to that stripe, those who had Chinese blood in their veins being a little more careful of their precious lives.

The boys, looking on with startled eyes, saw the big mate knock down the hand that swung the murderous kriss, which fell upon the deck with a clatter, and then Merriwether had closed with the fellow.

Once in that giant's grasp the slippery Malay had little show, for although privation had reduced the mate's strength considerably, it could not bring him to the level of an ordinary man, and he was able to pick the other up bodily in his arms, and despite his wriggling and biting, toss him over the rail.

Jumping up, regardless of any random bullet, Julian saw that the fellow plunged into the sea, and he knew that whether he sank or was picked up later by his companions, they had nothing further to fear from that score.

And the proa was not only falling back, but showed signs of evident distress, sinking rapidly, so that ere they drew out of eyesight they saw her go down by the head, doubtless leaving her crew to flutter around on the surface of the water until rescue came or they went down to explore the bottom.

Even this did not discourage the others, they being determined rascals.

Perhaps they understood that in the escape of these, their former prisoners, the safety of their village was placed in peril, since the truth must of a necessity soon be made known; and it was this fact that made them so abnormally vindictive.

Really, it began to look as though by degrees our friends might have to battle with and sink the whole navy of the allies, should they come up one by one; Julian had little doubt with respect to the result under such favorable circumstances, though he felt a qualm concerning what would happen if several of the boats overtook them at the same time, since numbers must prevent their giving such especial attention to these matters as they needed, and while they engaged with one proa, another could steal up on the other side and board them.

It was with considerable pleasure, therefore, that he heard his father declare that they seemed to be holding their own, and that the old Half-Moon was now a fair match for any of the craft remaining.

That meant a long chase, unless the allies grew disgusted and quit.

It was wonderful how they could keep just such a relative distance as time passed; for hours they fled before the breeze, now and then apparently losing sight of the pursuers, only to pick them up again later.

Mate Merriwether was a practical seaman, and knew all the wrinkles of the business, so that it could not have been through any lack of expedients on his part that these bloodhounds of pursuers were not shaken off.

At no time was the darkness dense enough out there on the broad ocean to allow the fugitives the opportunity of creeping off unseen, so that at last it began to look as though the matter must eventually be decided through the long and stern chase.

That night was not soon to be forgotten.

Julian held sweet converse with his refound parent, who was so eager to hear every scrap of news concerning his dear ones across the sea that he did not find time to tell much about his own adventures while living among the pirates of the coast; but all that would come later, when seated at his own fireside, with wife and girls hanging over him, and his long yearning satisfied at last.

Finally the peep of day began to appear in the east.

Eagerly they waited to ascertain what was in store for them, knowing that Merriwether had not held this particular course all through the tail end of the night for naught.

Soon they discovered the enemy in grim pursuit, not a quarter of a mile astern, and coming right along, as though they had business of importance to transact about that time. They were three of the boats, a junk and two of the narrow Malay proas, and all filled with dare-devil men who wished for nothing better than a hand-to-hand scuffle with those in front.

Bob gave utterance to an exclamation of dismay.

"Why, we've come back to the Pirate Islands. Now our goose is cooked for sure, and yet they don't look like that rat's nest, either. What's it mean, Mr. Merriwether, sir?" he asked, seeing that the mate smiled.

"These are other islands, nearer the coast, that's all. I hoped to slip in among them and dodge our friends some way or other. If it came to the worst perhaps we might draw 'em out and engage 'em one by one, after the tactics of the great Napoleon, ye know; but," he added, lugubriously, as he swept his critical eye around upon the surface of the sea, now beginning to show up in the gray of early dawn, "I'm afraid the beastly wind is dying out, and means to go back on us, so that we'll be in a sweet pickle if those chaps choose to push up and engage us on all sides."

The boys echoed his dismay, for now that he mentioned the fact, they, too, could see that the breeze did give positive signs of dropping, and the chances were they would soon be left motionless upon the heaving water.

Before that happened, however, they had drawn in close to the islands, although whether this could help them or not, Julian did not profess to know.

"There they come, hang 'em!" announced the mate, in no pleasant frame of mind, as he once more picked up the wonderful gingal that had racked his shoulder so badly.

CHAPTER XXVI.

IN PORT AT LAST.

The three native boats had, of course, lost the wind at about the same time it deserted the matting sails of the Half-Moon, so that they, too, lay on the heaving bosom of the sea motionless for the time being.

There was considerable of a bustle aboard, however, and it soon became evident that the ferocious buccaneers did not mean to sit there idle because, forsooth, such a little thing as lack of wind held them from overhauling the object of their wrath. What were muscles made for if not to bridge over just such an emergency as this?

And at the time Merriwether announced the fact of their making a forward movement, they had put out sweeps, and were actually forcing their craft to cut down the distance separating them from their prey.

Our friends thought it too good an idea to be monopolized by a pack of yellow hornets, masquerading as human beings, so they got out their oars, figuratively speaking, and proceeded to move the boat.

The enemy gained, because they had more force to utilize; seeing which the mate sent Kwang Chow in the sampan to help tow, the waterman being an old and experienced hand at this sort of thing.

Now they seemed to be holding their own for a brief time; but the enemy had another trick up their sleeve, and somehow managed to increase their speed, for the narrow proas cut through the water easier than the more squatty junks; and the consequence was that two of the pursuing craft began to come up steadily but surely, despite the most strenuous exertions of our desperate company on board the Half-Moon.

Oh, if only a breeze would pick up, enough to keep them moving, Merriwether had faith enough in the sailing qualities of his craft to believe she could hold her own with the other boats, even if not able to show them a clean pair of heels, but though his eager eyes scanning the sea far and near, he failed to detect the coming of any such blessed relief.

"I'm afraid we must come to blows once

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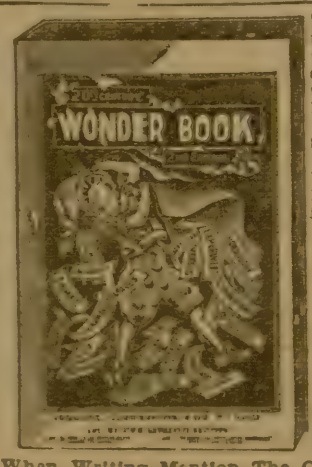

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more," he gasped, for his exertions at the sweep had winded him somewhat, "though I hate to do it for more reasons than one," with a wry glance at the awful gingal.

Julian had gotten bravely over his first horror with regard to warfare; for he knew how these villainous freebooters had treated his father, and what little regard they had for human life; indeed, he understood there was hardly one among them whose hands had not been red with blood; so that when the mate talked of meeting their coming with lead, he was eager to seize upon the weapons near at hand, and start into the fray.

The mate was angry all through by this time, and ready to give the rascals what they so richly deserved, so far as it lay in his power.

He suddenly snatched up the long Chinese breech-loading gun and bent it on the leading boat, that had now drawn very close; and with the tremendous discharge, which echoed among the islands on their immediate lee, quite a commotion was observed on board the proa, with men running this way and that, as though the contents of the big gun had done more or less damage.

On came the others, as relentless as fate, for the men who pulled were believers in a man's destiny overtaking him, no matter how he might try to avoid it.

Merriwether was loading again, though he had some difficulty about raising his right arm after this continued abuse; he intended that before the end arrived that wonderful weapon must give a royal account of itself, even though he had to put both shoulders out of service; for if a man is about to be slashed to pieces, anyway, of what use is a whole frame?

If they had only possessed a supply of alarming state of affairs; the mate did not show much signs of despair, being too worked up over his business of firing that fearful gun; the Captain, too, had his jaw set as though grimly determined to die game now that he had had a taste of blessed freedom; Bob was as white as a sheet though not with cowardice, for he gave evidence of wanting to commence operations as soon as the swarm of buccaneers came aboard; and as for Kwang, he trembled and had a wild look in his slant eyes; but for all that they could depend on him to do all that lay in his power to uphold the cause, judging from the way he gripped the mighty sword he had brought up from the cabin.

If that breeze had only arrived before they might have laughed at the attempts of the others to overtake them; but now it seemed too late, and it only hastened their undoing.

Mate Meriwether again stood up to deliver his fire, and as in the beginning when he had had such success, instead of wasting it on the howling mob that lined the rail, he aimed at the water-line.

He received a bullet in his arm, but had the savage satisfaction of knowing he had bored a hole larger than his hand in the side of the proa, through which the water immediately began to suck, sounding the knell of that individual boat, unless something were promptly done to check its flow, which the excited pirates did not appear capable of comprehending.

Julian had seen that the blood was flowing from the left arm of the mate, and with a cry he snatched at the gun; but it took more than this to put so doughty a fighter as bluff Merriwether out of the game, and he refused to leave the firing line, loading again, with his teeth clenched, and his blue eyes fairly blazing with wrath.

"Saved by a neck!"

modern firearms, the matter must have been greatly simplified, for they could have stood these parties off in great shape without half trying.

Matters began to look squally again, for those on board the three rival boats had commenced to use their guns once more, so that it was exceedingly risky to show even one's head above the rail on the Half-Moon junk; which state of affairs effectually put a stop to their using any motive power, while there seemed enough of the pirates to carry on the bombardment and the rowing at the same time.

In order to discharge his gun when ready Mate Merriwether was compelled to take severe chances, but he did not hesitate, knowing how much depended on him at this juncture; while Julian crouched close by with a white face, yet firmly resolved that should anything happen to the big mate he would snatch up the weapon and continue to use it as best he might.

The next shot created a little panic aboard the first proa, but to the sorrow of the eager boys did not stop its steady forward progress.

Kwang had, of course, come aboard again, not being desirous of having the marksman make a pot-shot of him in such an exposed position.

He it was who discovered the first ripple of new wind on the surface of the water; but black despair seized upon them as it became evident that their enemies must be the first to profit by its coming.

It reached the junk in the rear first, and she began to rapidly overtake her confederates; then they started to move more rapidly, and bore down upon the poor, motionless Half-Moon, their human freight fairly screeching in their savage exultation.

Julian gave one look around, to see how his comrades were affected by this new and

The fever of battle was upon him, and wounds could have no effect unless of such a tragic character as to sap his strength.

How would it all end? Were they all doomed to die before the cruel knives of these merciless butchers, already shouting madly in anticipation of the apparently inevitable result?

Now, Mate Merriwether had not kept his course direct for these same islands all through the night without some object in view, and while as yet it had not appeared that he was to be rewarded for his faith, still he had not lost all hope.

It was when he was ready to send his compliments once more into the crowded ranks of the pirates, almost close enough to hitch on to the Half-Moon, although the breeze was keeping her tantalizingly just beyond their reach, that he was induced by some sense of intuition to turn his head and look eagerly toward the shore; and hardly had he done so than his face became wreathed in a broad smile, and at the same time he gave a shout that thrilled the boys as they had never remembered being shaken before, for it told of joy, relief, thanksgiving.

"Saved by a neck! There comes your British jack-tars, Bob, my boy! Keep down all of you, or these fellows will murder every soul! We win, the game is ours, thanks be to God!"

That he had gone mad was the first thought of the startled Julian, but as he, too, looked back toward the land it was to discover a glorious sight that banished his fears and made his heart sing with thanksgiving.

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the sturdy arms propelled the boats onward.

Never did ship-wrecked mariners sight a rescuing sail with more enthusiasm than our friends experienced when this blessed vision of the early morning light dawned upon their sight. Mate Merriwether had remembered hearing that the gunboat Sparrow had put in here recently to make some essential repairs to her machinery, and the pirates had been preparing in case she made them a visit later; so it was in hopes of running across her somewhere that influenced him about coming to this region.

About this time those on proa and junk became aware of what was bearing down upon them, and with warning cries they turned their attention to the task of saving themselves.

If they got away at all it would be by a close shave, and only because the treacherous wind favored them by rising.

There was more or less confusion on the three craft, as the men belonging to the sinking one clambered aboard the others; after which they veered off and began to sail away, with a couple of the boats in full pursuit, though it appeared hopeless.

The other came alongside, and those in it climbed on deck.

Julian thought he had never fully appreciated the good qualities of honest jack-tars until this minute, when he saw a dozen swarm over the side, and realized that they were saved.

Meantime, some quick questions were thrown at Mate Merriwether, who gave answers that appeared to please the officer in command.

"Come, friends," exclaimed the mate, stepping over to the others, "we're going to take their boat and pull around the point to the gunboat that lies there. In a few hours she will be ready to make a move, but just now she lies powerless; but these bullies mean to give chase in the junk, and good luck go with them, I say."

Captain Roxbury stepped into the cabin and reappeared bearing that mysterious package that had once excited Julian's curiosity, but which he now knew contained quite a treasure which Merriwether and his father had captured from the secret receptacle in the pirate village, having long ago made up their minds so to do if they ever had the chance to get away.

As they rowed toward the shore they saw the now honest old Half-Moon stand off, and begin to speed along in the wake of the three buccaneer vessels; and Bob laughed heartily to think how the shoe was on the other foot.

They found a warm welcome awaiting them on board the Sparrow, and Mate Merriwether and the Captain spent much time with her commander, giving him all needful information respecting the den of iniquity that lay so peacefully amid the other islands, a place he had visited several times, never finding enough evidence to admit of his wiping the nest out, though strongly inclined to do so on general principles.

Now, he could act, and punish the many grievous sins committed on British commerce of late years.

Our story properly ends with the finding of Julian's father, and their gaining a harbor of safety, so that it is only necessary to mention a few facts in connection with the other events occurring about that time.

The Half-Moon overtook the junk, while the swifter proa got away; but they spared not those fierce fighters who neither expected or asked quarter, so that when the captured craft was scuttled, not one of her crew remained to see the sight.

The gunboat caught up with the junk before the islands were reached, and ere night fell the Sparrow had reduced the village to complete desolation; indeed, half of it had already gone up in smoke as a result of the ambitious labors of our two young firebugs.

It would be a long time before the lawless elements in this region dared to organize another Hawks' Nest, from which to sally forth and fall upon any luckless trader becalmed along the south coast of China.

The home-coming of Captain Roxbury can better be imagined than described, and his family was undoubtedly the happiest in New England that day.

Tressie found a contented home with them for her father was never heard from again, having undoubtedly perished in the typhoon that raged so soon after he had been sent adrift in the yawl with his mate, Mr. Atkins.

That some of the men were saved in a miraculous manner, Julian knew, though the particulars never reached him; for a year later he chanced to come face to face with Mate Pandy and one of the other ringleaders; they recognized him at sight, and made haste to scuttle off, so that the mystery of their being alive was never explained to him.

As for Bob Kettles and Merriwether, they are frequent visitors at the home of the Roxburys, and always welcome.

(The end.)

The Force of Habit.

The formation of habits is the true education. Right habits make the good man, and wrong habits the bad man. The cultivation of the habit of detesting all that is low and mean, the habit of admiring sincerely the good and the beautiful, an undeviating attachment to truth and justice, and the sincere effort to bring our conduct into accord with these ideals constitute the rigid discipline of the moral philosophy, so beautiful that "without it no condition of life is tolerable, and with it none wretched, sordid and mean." An obvious fact about habit frequently noted is that though we gain no pleasure from doing a thing yet we suffer great discomfort from not doing it. And so great is the force of habit that this is applicable to good, bad, or indifferent practices. The formation of a habit becomes a great tyranny if the habit be bad, and, on the other hand, a great prop to virtue if the habit be good and desirable.

TRUE PHILANTHROPY.

Mrs. B. W. Fretter, Detroit, Mich., will send free to any woman suffering from female weakness a sample of the simple home remedy that cured her.

Electrical Surgery.

Not long ago a New England electrical engineer, who accidentally got a needle stuck into his leg, twisted some wires about a piece of iron and connected the wires with a dynamo. Then with the magnet thus made he pulled the bit of steel from the wound. About the same time an apprentice in the Mare Island Navy Yard in California was injured in the face by some bits of steel from a broken tool. The surgeon failed to extract all the pieces and the wound inflamed. The chief electrician then improvised a magnet capable of lifting 500 pounds and held it in front of the boy's face, when the remaining bit of steel flew out of the wound as promptly as if it had been sent for. Now, if some one would invent a magnet that would pull slivers out of a boy's fingers thousands of young Americans would rise and call him blessed.

The Hint Was Sufficient.

"Can you tell me what sort of weather we may expect next month?" wrote a subscriber to the editor of a country paper, and the editor replied as follows: "It is my belief that the weather next month will be very much like your subscription." The inquirer wondered for an hour what the editor was driving at, when he happened to think of the word "unsettled." He sent in the required amount next day.

His Dread.

Rueful Reginald—Save me, pard!

Bustling Bertie—Dat's all right. I'll keep you outer de mud.

Rueful Reginald—Mud, nuttin'! It's de water dat skeers me!

Free Help to Sick Women

A WONDERFUL MEDICAL DISCOVERY THAT CURES WOMEN OF DISEASE AS IF BY MAGIC.

Every woman, old or young, who suffers with any disease write me at once and I will gladly send you free this wonderful treatment that has startled all medical science with its marvelous cures. For some time I have been curing my lady friends and neighbors of diseases that had been pronounced incurable and which were apparently beyond all human aid, and I now offer this marvelous treatment to the women of America Free. If you have falling of the womb, leucorrhœa, cancers or tumors or any kind of female disease, if you are weak, nervous, have palpitation or any affection of the heart, if you are constipated, have liver, kidney, stomach or bladder trouble, if you have rectal ulcers, blind or bleeding piles—no matter what your ailments may be, I can cure you. All you need do is write me fully what your ailments are and I will send by mail absolutely free of any, every and all cost to you the medicine you need. Do not suffer another day but write me at once. Address ANNA MAY BURRELL, Box 105, Kokomo, Ind.

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MAGIC DIP NEEDLE for LOCATING GOLD and Silver Ore, Lost or Hidden Treasures. Best and testimonials free. P. & M. AGENCY, PALMYRA, PA.

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MEN AND WOMEN

CURE YOURSELF!

BIG G CURES in 1 to 5 days. Guaranteed not to stricture. Prevents Contagion. THE EVANS CHEMICAL CO. CINCINNATI, O. U. S. A. Trade Mark. Price $1.00

Big G is a nonpoisonous remedy for Gonorrhœa, Gleet, Spermatorrhœa, Whites, unnatural discharges, or any inflammation, irritation or ulceration of mucous membranes. Non-astringent.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS

or sent in plain wrapper, by express, prepaid, for $1.00, or 3 bottles, $2.75. Circular sent on request.

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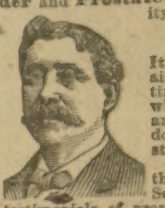
Stricture

Gonorrhœa, Gleet, Lost Manhood, Bladder and Prostate Troubles and general debility of men positively cured by

SKEEN'S PAINLESS STRICTURE CURE.



It eradicates every trace of these ailments, in the shortest possible time, and makes you as sound as when a boy. Thousands of men are strictured, more or less, but do not know it. Remove the stricture and you will get well. It will pay you to investigate this greatest and best of all cures. Send for our free booklet and testimonials of prominent men and write them. All correspondence confidential.

$1. To convince you that our remedy is an absolute and positive cure, we will mail you, prepaid, one month's treatment, on receipt of $1.00 to cover the expense. **Gonorrhœa cured in Five Days.**

D. A. SKEEN CO., 127 Bell Block, CINCINNATI, OHIO.

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FREE TO WEAK MEN

A DISCOVERY OF A REMEDY HAS BEEN MADE THAT RESTORES LOST MANHOOD AND GIVES MAN THE VITALITY OF A LION.

ONE WEEK'S TRIAL PACKAGE SENT FREE TO ALL MEN WHO WRITE FOR IT.

Regenerative Tablets is the only recognized positive and permanent cure for Lost Manhood in all its forms and stages.

It is scientifically prepared by the best chemists in the world. The reputation of the institution is such, that all physicians know when they stand sponsor for a remedy, that remedy must be exactly as represented. And when upon their reputation they make the statement that Regenerative Tablets will cure all cases of Lost Manhood, Spermatorrhœa, Varicocele, or weakness of any nature of the nerve or sexual organs, a cure must be positive and permanent. This Company will send every person who is suffering from nervous diseases a week's treatment absolutely free. There is but one test of genuine medicine and that is the results which are obtained by its use; if it cures the disease for which it is prepared it is a true remedy. This is the test by which the Fallopia Lynn Co. wish their one week free treatment to be tried. After using Regenerative Tablets one week, the sufferer will find new vigor in his organs, new force in his muscles; new blood in his veins; new ambition; a new man in vitality, health and appearance. Regenerative Tablets has a peculiarly grateful effect and the patient feels the benefit after its first day's use. It goes direct to the seat of the trouble, no matter of how long standing, giving strength and development where it is needed. This marvelous remedy banishes all feelings of bashfulness toward the opposite sex; cures all the ills and troubles that come from early abuse, excess of overwork and business cares, all of which result in premature loss of strength and memory; emissions, impotency and varicocele. Regenerative Tablets will effect a cure at any age, there is no case that it will not cure permanently except where epilepsy or insanity has already been reached. Fallopia Lynn Co. makes no restrictions, every person who writes will be sent a week's treatment absolutely free and postpaid, carefully wrapped in a plain package with no advertising on it to indicate what it contains. They have received thousands of letters from people all over the country telling of the most astonishing cures made by Regenerative Tablets. Their one week free offer is genuine, and no embarrassing questions asked. Write to-day to the Fallopia Lynn Co., 523 Burlington Building, St. Louis, Mo., and receive the week's treatment free; their book which is also free and sent with the free treatment will explain how to take the treatment in private and cure yourself at home.

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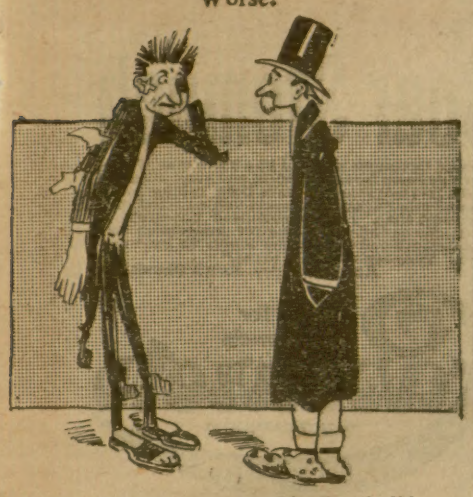
Worse.



Diggs—What's happened? Football?
Jiggs—N-no. Highball.

Man was originally intended to serve his Maker, but along came woman—and the servant question has been in an unsettled state ever since.

Goes the Limit.

Merchant—Yes'm; one pound of nails. Six, eight, or ten-penny?

Mrs. Youngthing—Give me the ten-cent ones, please. I always get the best.

Habit.

Mrs. Shivers (to her husband, who has just taken up duty as jail warden)—John, have you locked all the doors, so that no burglar can break in?

Heirs at law are so called because they usually inherit lawsuits.

Either of these elegant guns or your choice of hundreds of our other Handsome Premiums equally desirable, easily earned in 20 minutes by selling 24 of Our New Du Barry Brooches. Send name and address to-day, we send FREE, postpaid, and Trust You with 24 Du Barry Brooches. When sold send us the money and we will ship premium you select same day money is received. Address, HAND MFG. CO., Dept. 259, CHICAGO.

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Beautiful Patterns Free---An Unparalleled Offer.

The patterns shown below are furnished us by one of the best, if not the best, pattern manufacturers in New York. They comprise the very latest styles, and are unequalled for accuracy in fit, simplicity in use, and are most economical of material. They sell from the stores from twenty-five to fifty cents each. Full instructions are printed on every pattern. Three months' subscription to the CHICAGO LEDGER for 25 cents and any TWO of these patterns FREE. Six months' subscription to the CHICAGO LEDGER for 50 cents and FIVE of these patterns FREE. This offer is without equal. If you are wise you will take advantage of it at once.

REMEMBER, to avoid mistakes, you must first give the number of the Pattern wanted---second, do not fail to give bust measure for waist, or waist measure if skirt is desired. Unless you do as here stated we will not know what to send you. Also, do not fail to enclose money. PATTERN DEPT., CHICAGO LEDGER, CHICAGO, ILL.

4533 MISSES COAT WITH CAPE 12-16 YRS.

4534 HANDKER CHIEF KIMONO, SMALL-MEDIUM-LARGE.

4538 SHIRRED KIMONO, SMALL--MEDIUM-LARGE

4521 WOMANS TUCKED COAT, 32-40 BUST.

4520 TUCKED FLOUNCE SKIRT, 22-30 WAIST

4532 FANCY BLOUSE, 32--40 BUST.

4535 SHIRRED TRIPLE SKIRT, 22--30 WAIST.

4530 COAT WITH PLAIN OR FULL SLEEVES, 32--40 BUST.

4537 MISSES SHIRRED DOUBLE SKIRT, 12-16 YRS.

4453 HANDKER--CHIEF CORST COVER, 32-40 BUST.

4541 RAIN COAT, 32-40 BUST

4539 BLOUSE WAIST, 32-40 BUST.

4490 WOMANS WAIST, 32-40. BUST.

LUCKY "7" PUZZLE

$1000 TO OUR LUCKY READERS FREE!

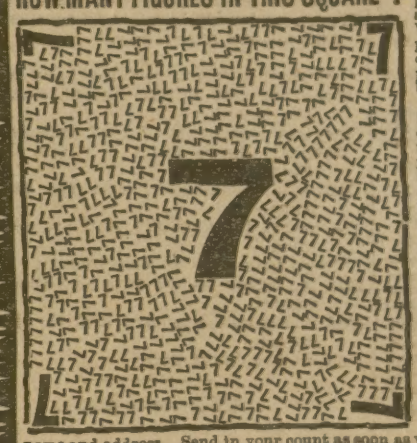
In the square below are a lot of figure 7s. They are all jumbled up and mixed together so that they are hard to count. The idea of the puzzle is to count the number of figures in the square. Every reader of this paper has a chance to win a prize. We know that very few persons will count the exact number, but we not only give prizes to the person who counts correctly but also to 1244 other persons who come nearest to the correct number. With this number of chances every person who answers this offer has a chance to get a prize. The person who counts the exact number of figures in the square gets $200, the person who comes the nearest gets $100, the next $50, the next $20, the next $10, and the next 1240 persons in the contest get presents, the average value of these presents is 50 cents each.

In case two or more persons are tied for one prize then the prize is equally divided. There is no guess work in this puzzle. It is simply a test of your ability to count figures correctly. Every figure is shown plainly but the figures are mixed up so that it takes a lot of patience and care in order to count them correctly. This contest closes Thursday evening, December 31st, at 5 p. m., and no answers sent after that time will be counted.

The publishers of WOMAN'S WORLD have a paid capital of $1,000,000. We own our own paper mill, printing plant, and twelve-story office building. We always do exactly as we agree, and in dealing with us you are dealing with one of the largest and oldest publishing houses in Chicago.

The Lucky "7" puzzle is to advertise the WOMAN'S WORLD which already has a circulation of over 800,000 copies each month. The subscription price is only 25 cents a year. The magazine is printed on book paper, profusely illustrated in colors. It has a lot of information and departments, dramatic news, household hints puzzles, fashions, young folks' departments and splendid stories by prominent writers. We want to reach the million mark as soon as possible, and the low subscription price of 25 cents a year is an inducement that makes it possible for everyone to subscribe and get the best monthly in the world for the price.

HOW MANY FIGURES IN THIS SQUARE ?



Every one entering this contest must send in 25 cents for a year's subscription, which entitles you to register one count in the contest. Or if you send 50 cents you will get four year's subscription to the WOMAN'S WORLD and be entitled to four counts. If you are already a subscriber you may enter the contest just the same, and your new subscription will be added to your present subscription. You can also get your friends to subscribe and increase your number of chances to win prizes.

By next nearest we mean the next nearest above or below the correct number. In case one person should send in a count of one more than actually correct and another sent in a count of one less than actually correct they would tie for the prize of next nearest, and so on with the next nearest. A tie for the prize means the prize will be divided equally among those who are tied for the prize.

The counts must be filled in on the blanks below. Write your count plainly, also your name and address. Send in your count as soon as you have made it. You may send in as many as you pay for according to the offer.

CONDITIONS.—Each person must count the number of 7s in this square and fill in the count in the proper space. For example, you will fill in "1st count 726," and if you send in four counts fill in the other spaces in the blank. No person employed by the WOMAN'S WORLD, or any resident of the city of Chicago is allowed to compete for the prizes. No one knows the number of 7s in the square. The count will not be made until after the first of January, 1904, when the figures will be counted by a committee and the correct answer will be given. Then all the counts sent in by subscribers will be compared and the prizes awarded. The paper and receipt will be sent as soon as possible. Remember that it takes some time to properly enter subscriptions, and to take care of the large mail we receive daily, so if you do not hear from us at once do not be alarmed. No counts will be changed after they are received by us. Remit by Post-office or Express order, or registered letter. Counts must be in our office before 5 p. m., December 31st, 1903. If you send 25 cents write your count in the first space. If you send 50 cents write a count in each of the four spaces. Twenty-five cents entitles you to one year's subscription and one count; 50 cents entitles you to four years' subscription and four counts. If you are already a subscriber your subscription will be extended. The subscription blank is made so that you can answer either for one or four counts. Cross out the word "four" if you send one count, or cross out the word "one" if you send four counts. Extra blanks will be furnished free upon request. Remember we are a responsible concern and that the prizes will be faithfully awarded; also remember there is no guess work about the matter. It is simply a test of patience and correctness.

HERE ARE THE PRIZES:

Each person answering this contest must fill in the blank below and state the number of figures in the square.

1 Prize for correct answer	$200
1 Prize for nearest correct answer	100
1 Prize next nearest	50
1 Prize next nearest	20
1 Prize next nearest	10
1240 Prizes of presents average value each 50 cts.	620
1245 Prizes amounting to	$1000

In case two or more persons send the same count and are entitled to a prize then the amount of the prize is divided equally.

Fill Out This Subscription and Count Blank.

WOMAN'S WORLD, Boyce Building, Chicago:

Enclosed find 25 cents / 50 cents for one / four year's subscription to WOMAN'S WORLD, which entitles me to one count / four counts in your Lucky "7" Puzzle contest. I register my one count / four counts in the blank below.

Yours truly,

Name.....

Street, P. O., or Rural Route.....

Town.....

State.....

1st Count.	2nd Count.	3rd Count.	4th Count.

NOTE.—Simply write in your count in figures.

Address WOMAN'S WORLD, Boyce Bldg., Chicago.

BOYS WANTED TO SELL THE BLADE AND LEDGER.

We want a boy in every town to act as agent. We start you without asking a cent in advance. Fill out the blank below and we will send you a bundle of BLADES AND LEDGERS by mail, also report blanks, instructions, and certificate of agency. You report each week, paying only for papers you sell. You keep 2 cents out of every 5 cent sale and send us 3 cents. In this way you can earn a nice sum each week. No experience necessary. We send full instructions so you can begin at once. Tear out the coupon below and send it in.

W. D. BOYCE CO., Boyce Building, Chicago.

GENTLEMEN: I would like to be your agent. agree to pay you for all papers I sell, less my commission. I also agree to report every week. Please send me a bundle of papers, report blanks, etc Yours truly,

Name.....

Street..... *Town*.....

Date..... *State*.....

JOHN CHOUTEAU.

JOHN CHOUTEAU'S TERRIBLE EXPERIENCE WHILE ROUNDING UP CATTLE IN THE INDIAN TERRITORY.

In the spring of 1896 a young man, John Chouteau, was on his pony near Vinita, I. T., on the spring round-up. Of a sudden he uttered a heart-rending yell and fell from his pony, his feet still in the stirrups. Startled, the pony reared and backed a minute, and then started to run. Quick as a flash Bill Cordway dashed up, and making a great lasso throw, caught the pony and Chouteau's life was saved.

Chouteau had been subject to terrible attacks of epilepsy since infancy, the attacks coming sometimes three or four times a week, and he has been warned not to ride.

It was then that Chouteau began taking Dr. Fred E. Grant's cure for epilepsy, and to quote his own words when he was in Kansas City Carnival week, "he has never had an attack since." Chouteau came all the way to Kansas City to express his gratitude, and to thank Dr. Grant personally.

Dr. Grant positively cures all cases of epilepsy, fits or falling sickness no matter of how long standing, or how severe. To assure that his remedy is all right, he will send a large trial bottle to any address free, and if it does all that is claimed for it, the patient can then continue the treatment, which is not expensive.

Address DR. FRED E. GRANT, 917 New Ridge Building, Kansas City, Mo.

FILL YOUR OWN TEETH with Dentaline. Stops pain and decay. Instructions free. Union Dental Co., Chicago.

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TAPE-WORM EXPELLED WITH HEAD, GUARANTEED, BOOKLET FREE. BYRON FIELD & CO., DEPT. D. G., 132 STATE ST., CHICAGO.

When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

LADIES having fancy work to sell: Doilies, center pieces, Batenburg, crocheting and drawn work, send stamped envelope to Ladies' Exchange, Dept. 2 D, 34 Monroe St., Chicago.

When Writing Mention the Chicago Ledger.

ASTROLOGY for all FREE. Your future foretold 3 years. I show how to succeed. Just give me chance. Send birth and stamp. PROF. KENT, 3, BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

MOTHERS Enuresine cures Bed-wetting. Sample free. Dr F. E. May, Box 212, - Bloomington, Ill.

When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

OPIUM and Liquor Habit cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. Write DR. J. L. STEPHENS CO., Dept. B 2 Lebanon, Oh.o.

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VAN VLECK'S GLAND REMEDIES
never fail in curing biliousness, piles, constipation, women's troubles and general debility.
FREE SAMPLE BOTTLE AND BOOKLET ON REQUEST. Address Van Vleck Gland Remedy Co., Dept. 14, Kansas City, Mo

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JOLLY JOKER'S JOKES.
New Jokes and stories; side-splitting, rib-tickling, button-bursting jokes and witticisms; funny pictures enough to make a horse laugh and break up school for weeks. Regular price of this book is 25c. but we give 'em away for 10 cents, stamps or silver. E. M. ROSE & CO., 561 Wabash Avenue, CHICAGO, ILLS

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The WONDER of the Age. No sewing or darning. Repairs clothing, silk, satin, cotton goods, ribbons, fabrics of all kinds, kid gloves, mackintoshes, umbrellas, parasols, stockings, etc. Package, postpaid, 10 cents; 3 packages, 25 cents. Address Penn Publishing Co., Parnassus, Pa.

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NO MONEY
FREE TO BOYS GYMNASIUM OUTFIT
TWO PAIR BOXING GLOVES
FOOTBALL & PUNCHING BAG
INCLUDING 34 NOVELTIES
This entire outfit given as one premium.
Do you Play Football, Box with Friends or Punch the Bag?

If so, and you want this complete outfit, send your name and address, we send you FREE, postpaid, and TRUST YOU with 34 of our latest handsome novelties. When sold send us the money, we give this complete outfit or your choice of 50 Other Presents such as Hamilton Rifles, Mandolins, Violins, Gold Watches, Boy's Suits with complete outfits, Printing Presses, self-playing Graphophones, etc. Any of these presents you can easily earn in half an hour. Our goods sell at sight. Order now. Trial costs nothing.
ELITE MFG. CO., Dept. 244, CHICAGO.

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FOR YOUTHFUL EYES

A Waltz Quadrille.

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

The band was playing a waltz quadrille,
I felt as light as a wind-blown feather,
As we floated away at the caller's will,
Through the intricate, mazy dance together.
Like mimic armies our lines were meeting,
Slowly advancing, and then retreating,
All decked in their bright array;
And back and forth to the music's rhyme
We moved together, and all the time
I knew you were going away.

The fold of your strong arm sent a thrill
From heart to brain as we gently glided
Like leaves on the waves of that waltz-quadrille;
Parted, met, and again divided—
You drifting one way, and I another,
Then suddenly turning and facing each other,
Then off in the blithe chase,
Then airily back to our places swaying,
While every beat of the music seemed saying
That you were going away.

I said to my heart, "Let us take our fill
Of mirth and music, and love, and laughter;
For it all must end with this waltz-quadrille,
And life will be never the same life after.
Oh, that the caller might go on calling,
Oh, that the music might go on falling
Like a shower of silver spray,
While we whirled on to the vast Forever,
Where no hearts break, and no ties sever,
And no one goes away."

A clamor, a crash, and the band was still,
'Twas the end of the dream, and end of the measure,
The last low notes of that waltz-quadrille
Seemed like a dirge o'er the death of Pleasure.
You said good-night, and the spell was over—
Too warm for a friend, and too cold for a lover—
There was nothing else to say;
But the lights looked dim, and the dancers weary,
And the music was sad and the hall was dreary,
After you went away.

A Scheme of John's.

John was a sleepy-head, so celebrated, indeed, that he had never been known to wake up by what his family called a natural process. He had either to be forced out of bed in the morning by physical strength on the part of his big brother, or have cold water dropped on his face—always some heroic measure to get him to breakfast. So when he went off to college it was only natural that he should be presented with alarm clocks from two of his numerous aunts.

"One will be enough, dear," said his mother; but John took them both. After he had been established for some time in lodgings near the campus he wrote home a humorous account of how he managed to awake with the help of his two monitors.

He set the alarm of one at the hour of rising and placed it at the head of his bed; the other he set fifteen minutes later, and each night he placed it at the head of the stairs outside of his landlady's door.

As his alarm went off in the morning his first thought was that the clock on the stairs would make itself heard in fifteen minutes. This roused him so fully that he was able to spring out of bed on the instant. It would never do to startle the landlady, as she had been known to send boarders away for small offenses, and John was comfortably settled.

This went on from month to month, and worked so well that John never lost a breakfast during the term.

On Hand.

I saw a boy sitting on the edge of the wharf fishing, and said to him: "Well, my boy, you don't seem to have caught any fish."

"No," said he, "but I think I shall. I'm expecting a shoal of fish in any time now. I've been fishing here three days, but had no luck; but I'm quite sure the fish will be in soon. They came in about this time last year."

"Why not wait till they come, and then do your fishing?" asked I.

"O, sir!" said the plucky little fellow, "I'd rather be here when they come."

I left him and walked on down to the end of the wharf, and in about an hour returned. As I came near where the boys were fishing I saw that he was landing the speckled beauties on the wharf in true Izaak Walton style. The fish had come in! The persevering lad had taught me a useful lesson.

Two Heroes of Oregon.

When the cloudburst wiped the town of Heppner, Ore., off the map, man seemed powerless before nature. Yet the news of the next day contained two stories which show that brave men did what they could.

The people of two neighboring towns, Lexington and Ione, escaped without loss of life. They owe their safety to the heroism of two men. When the flood swept the town, Kernan, the station agent at Heppner, stuck to his post long enough to telegraph warning to Lexington. Then he tried to escape with his wife and two children and a friend. The friend succeeded in reaching safety with the children, but Kernan and his wife were swept to death.

Another hero was Leslie Matlock, who, like Paul Revere, jumped on his horse and spread the alarm. He reached Lexington in time to confirm Kernan's warning, and the people fled to the hills. Over a hundred people in Lexington would have lost their lives but for these two men.

Matlock continued down the valley, carrying the alarm to every farm house. His horse gave out soon after he left Lexington, but he got another, and galloped through the darkness and the rain to Ione. Here he telegraphed down the valley to the ranchers, who passed the word on. His long journey had been a race with the flood, which poured after him almost at his horse's heels.

Cheated the Youngsters.

In certain parts of New Guinea wallaby, a species of kangaroo, are very plentiful, and the traveler in search of sport finds the pursuit of them an exciting occupation. Wallaby steak is a refreshing change from canned meats, and the natives are only too glad to have the remnants of the carcass. A writer in the Badminton tells an amusing incident connected with the animal.

He had been ashore in one of the sparsely populated regions of the coast, and secured four wallaby, an ample supply for the whole party, native guides and servants included. But he found that although wallaby is regarded as such a delicacy that no trouble is considered too great to obtain it, none of the native boys in the party would touch it.

This was a mystery until one of them explained that they had been trained in childhood in the belief that if they ate wallaby before reaching a certain age, it would stop their growth.

These boys all belonged to the part of the country where wallaby are few, and one can imagine the crafty old folks seated round the festive pot and winking at one another as the young people declined the succulent dainty.

Mr. Knowitall.

There was once a boy who knew everything
That ever was known by man
(Or at least he did if you believed his word);
He was made on the know-it-all plan.

If any one asked a question,
Or wondered if thus were so,
He'd tell you at once your thought was wrong,
That he was the one to know.

He knew how to run an engine,
A house or an automobile;
He gave his father and mother advice
At every single meal.

He told his sisters and cousins and aunts,
His uncles and teachers, too,
The very best way to do their tasks—
He'd tell either me or you!

He contradicted his mother;
Said apples were healthier green,
So proceeded to eat a quart or two
With confidence quite serene.

* * * * * * * * *

His father summoned the doctor,
His mother nursed him through,
And now the boy works all day long
To pay for what he knew.

Serial Ablutions.

Joey's mother, who had been away for a fortnight, returned unexpectedly. After the first greetings were over, and she had straightened the sofa pillows and rearranged the books on the tables, she turned her attention to her son, relates the Youth's Companion.

"Joey," she said sadly, after a brief examination, "I don't believe you have had a bath since I went away!"

"Yes, mother, I have. Honestly, I have," protested Joey, "only you haven't looked in the right place!"

"Looked in the right place! What do you mean?"

"You looked at my neck. You ought to have looked at my arms. They were just as clean this morning! You see I've been bathing in chapters—a chapter a day. Legs are one chapter, arms are—"

"O Joey!"

"Well, if you've got to wash yourself, that's the only exciting way I know!" whimpered Joey.

Explanation.

One evening two little boys stood looking out of the window at the moon, when one said, wonderingly: "Brother, did God make the moon?"

With his superior knowledge, the other replied: "Yes, He made the moon, the stars, the people and the whole business.

Sour Stomach

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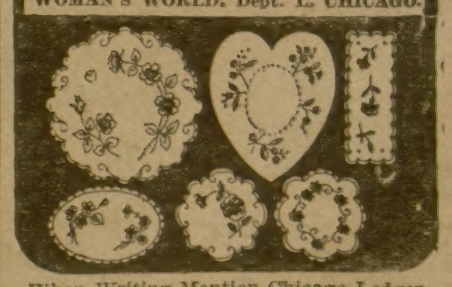

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